WEEK ENDING MAY 11, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly f… …body

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THIS SENSATIONALLY *ADVANCED* TOOTH PASTE

Surprisingly brings new *combined* results *in care of Teeth*

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2) Cool-feeling, clean mouth-freshness
3) Real invigoration and protection for gums (no coarse, harsh particles)
4) Acid condition neutralized instantly
5) Pure vegetable cleansing agents dissolve and remove all sticky deposits
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7) Unusual speed of action—complete results in a few seconds

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* * *

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Preferred . . .

THE law of compensation cannot be evaded. It invariably demands that *final* decisions be fair and impartial . . . awarding *enduring* success or undying fame only to those who are deserving.

The outstanding popularity of *Westclox* so definitely displayed in the preference of *millions* the world over . . . is the rightful reward of conscientious effort, exacting skill in manufacture and dependable values.

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Westclox

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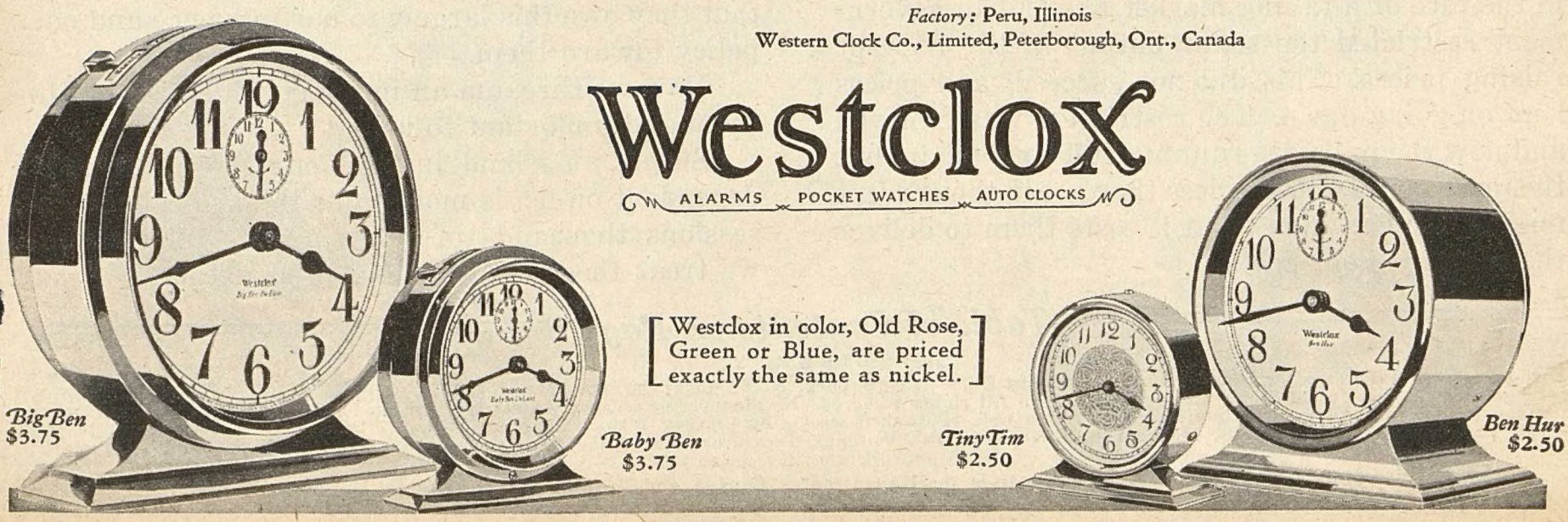
[Westclox in color, Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced exactly the same as nickel.]



Big Ben $3.75

Baby Ben $3.75

Tiny Tim $2.50

Ben Hur $2.50

MAY 11, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 18

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

CONSIDER THE CASE OF CUBA

More and more, year by year, we are showing a tendency to look upon Cuba as a stepchild.

While an independent republic in many ways, Cuba is still, nevertheless, under the ægis of our government to a considerable extent. It is more than merely a matter of influence: we still have a good deal to say, with authority, about its citizens' affairs.

For example, they are not allowed to enter foreign alliances without our consent, to negotiate loans which they are unable to pay, or to have revolutions.

One of their greatest harbors, that at Guantanamo, is retained by the United States as a naval base.

In addition, Cuba is a favorite playground for people from the States. It is a great place for investment of our capital, and a great market for our goods.

But, although the Cubans rank high as consumers of our products, our tendency, as with others of our customers, is to let them buy heavily from us without buying much from them in return.

We impose a big duty on Cuban sugar, and this alone is an enormous handicap to their prosperity, for sugar is Cuba's chief concern. On the price of this commodity depends in large part the economic well-being of the island.

About six million acres, more than one-fifth of the country's area, are planted in cane. Probably no other country is so largely given over to a single product.

Every possible device is used to give the cane growers and sugar makers a profit. Some time ago, in the face of a falling market, the Cuban government restricted the sugar output in the hope of raising prices. This did not succeed, and prices kept on going down. The restriction was removed and now the mills are running full time again, but the producers say the prices they get in the current market are less than what it costs them to deliver their sugar in our ports.

The production of beet sugar in Europe, virtually at a standstill during the war, is now not only back to normal but is constantly increasing, and this makes it hard for the Cuban cane industry.

Cane sugar from Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines is coming into the United States in growing quantities, and coming in duty free. And our own sugar industry, notably in Louisiana, is thriving.

Now there is talk of increasing the duty on sugar from Cuba. Planters in the United States are urging that they need more protection.

We should think Cuba might be regarded as a member of our family. To all intents and purposes, it is more nearly one of our colonies than any colony we have. But the fiction persists that it isn't.

Cuba is 100 miles from the United States. The Philippines are 7,000 miles away.

The Philippines have little to do with us, in commerce, interests, or ways of living. Their people are far more completely aliens than the Cubans. They came to us by accident and, we think, a rather bad accident. We didn't really want the islands and since we have had them they have been a problem.

Yet we favor these remote people by admitting their sugar free and threaten the prosperity of friends and close neighbors by imposing a heavy duty, possibly to be made heavier.

We believe that Congress, in preparing its tariff schedules, should keep these facts in mind.

From a purely selfish standpoint, there are sound reasons for doing so. A tremendous sum of our own money is at stake.

About three-fourths of the sugar industry in Cuba is owned or controlled by American capital. Our total investment in Cuba is estimated at one and a half to two billion dollars. Cuban government bonds are extensively owned in the United States.

We shall suffer with Cuba if its prosperity wanes.

Cubans have confidence in the United States. The old uneasy talk of "imperialism" is seldom heard on the island. The Spanish-American war was the turning point in their history. Things have gone well with them since, and they realize that they owe this largely to our influence and our policy toward them.

Now we threaten an industry which is vital to them and important to us.

Surely an island just off our shores, frankly dependent on us, is more to us than so-called possessions thousands of miles away. Why should we treat these others as favored nations?

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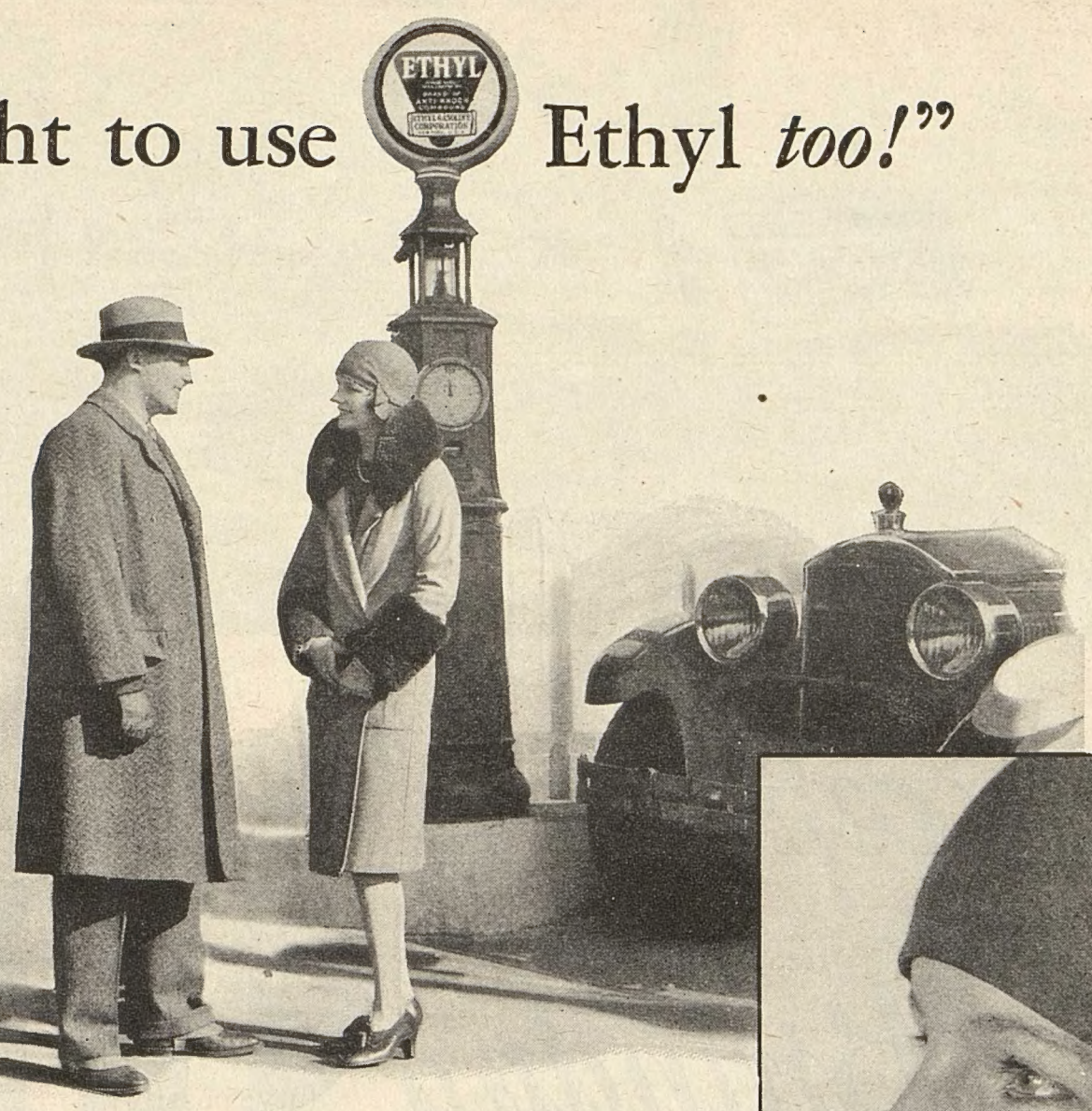
"*You* ought to use Ethyl *too!*"



HE knows the thrill of riding with Ethyl—the kick of taking hills without shifting and having full power when he needs it most.

THE best salesmen of Ethyl Gasoline are the people who use it in their cars. Thousands of them, telling their friends about it, have helped to make Ethyl one of the most extraordinary successes in automotive history.

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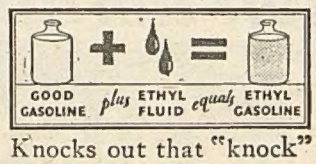
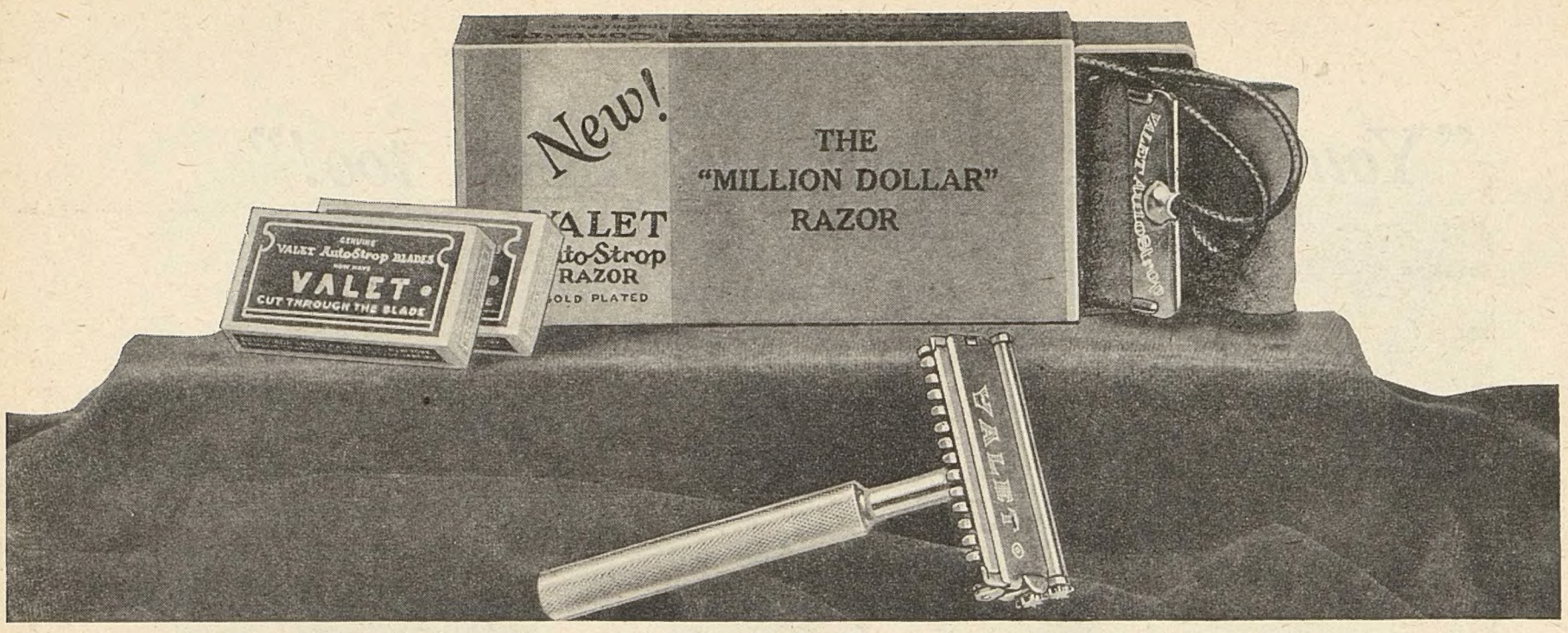


Knocks out that "knock"

E. G. C. 1929



The "Gold Birthday Gift" package contains one genuine gold-plated Valet Auto Strop Razor ("Million Dollar" model) one selected leather strop, ten Valet Blades. You pay for the blades only—$1.00. The razor and strop are FREE.

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While they last, you can get one FREE at your dealer's—with the purchase of 10 Valet Blades at $1.00.

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Joan sets forth from Blois at the head of the army to raise the siege of Orleans.

Five Hundred Years Ago

A Pilgrimage in the Steps of Joan of Arc

By

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

THIS year the world celebrates, with France, the 500th anniversary of Joan of Arc's brief career.

Born at Domremy on January 6, 1412, Joan left her village home probably at Christmas, 1428. On February 23, 1429, she set forth from Vaucouleurs, near her home, to go to the Dauphin, at Chinon. On May 8 she raised the siege of Orleans. On July 17 she saw the Dauphin anointed and crowned at Reims. Scarcely was the coronation over when Charles began listening to those who counseled him against Joan; and her career was practically over, though she continued in the King's service until taken prisoner at Compiegne on May 23, 1430. She was burned at Rouen on May 30, 1431. A few months comprehended her career. But she has never ceased to serve France, and the world. And she never will cease!

YOU'RE on your way to Domremy! You may be traveling by automobile, out from Paris by way of Chateau-Thierry and Chalons and Bar-le-Duc. Or you may be taking train from Paris to Nancy, and from there making an afternoon's excursion to Domremy and Vaucouleurs. Or you may be riding your magic carpet.

However you get there, when you arrive you find a village not notably different from what it was more than five centuries ago, when one of the children playing in it had the star of a great destiny on her forehead.

Domremy lies on a great and ancient highway, a road to Rome. The children who lived in Domremy's cottage homes five hundred years ago were accustomed to wayfarers who had traveled far, had seen great sights, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

We Observe an Anniversary

HOW much, do you suppose, would we know about the world we live in were it not for the amiable custom of observing anniversaries? Things learned at school are likely to be set aside in the mind unless some special interest revives them, and special interests tend to narrow themselves as one grows older. When, for example, did you think last of the glamorous girl who flamed across the sky of France a little more than a half-century before Columbus came to America? . . . Well, the calendar reminds the world of Joan of Arc this week. On May 8, 1429, she raised the siege of Orleans. Now, in that old French city, they are celebrating the quincentenary of that event with ceremonies at which 300,000 visitors are expected. Among the special guests of the municipality is CLARA E. LAUGHLIN of Chicago, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and author of various books on travel. The accompanying article for LIBERTY was written just before she sailed.

IF you have been following this page week by week you know what there is to tell about P. G. WODEHOUSE, whose lively tale of Cedric and his shoes is to be found in this issue. Editors battle for Wodehouse stories, but this whimsical Englishman has long been a faithful and frequent contributor to LIBERTY. . . . COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, too, has often written for us. His reminiscent article on page 27 is the second of a series about his father, his family, and the home he remembers; he will have more to tell from time to time in forthcoming issues. . . . NORMAN S. HALL is a former New York newspaper man and was for several years a staff writer for LIBERTY. In recent months he has been turning his attention to fiction. . . . ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD is one of that little company of authors who point with pride to the fact that they were born in New York City. She set out to be an artist but changed her mind and now has a long list of stories, poems, plays, and miscellany to her credit. Her present home bears the euphonious name of Sands Point, Long Island.

Clara E. Laughlin

P. G. Wodehouse

Theodore Roosevelt

Norman S. Hall

Ethel Watts Mumford

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Poison Christmas Gift, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 65

The Vision comes to Joan at Domremy. The archangel Michael, with Sts. Catherine and Margaret, appears to her, bidding her go to the aid of the King and restore to him his kingdom.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

liked to tell about them. You cannot feel what you should, in this humble village which sheltered Joan of Arc's childhood, unless you are very conscious of the highway.

Her home stands close to the road. The house you see was never seen by Joan; but it may well be that the room shown as her place of birth was indeed a part of Jacques d'Arc's humble dwelling. In the lifetime of Joan's mother and brothers, Joan was " re-tried " and formally declared " to have been without sin, body and soul." She was venerated from the day of Orleans. So it is unlikely that the room wherein she had entered the world would ever be destroyed. I believe you need not doubt that Joan knew the lower part of this house, in a ruder form.

You may want, as I do, to shut your eyes to the pretentious monument in the yard. You may feel that you would far rather have seen the humble doorway Joan knew than the Gothic portal of 1481 with the coat of arms conferred on her family. Louis XI is said to have given the money to restore the house—which was not restored, but elaborated out of all semblance to the original.

The church has undergone many things. But the substance of it has probably remained much the same; and the font may well be the very one at which Joan received baptism.

The Fairy Tree on the hill above, beneath whose kind old branches the children played and one of them heard the Voices of her saints, is gone, and in its place is an elaborate basilica. I'd go no farther, on the hill, than the Spring of the Currants where the children drank after playing beneath the Fairy Tree.

But I'd mark well the meandering Meuse which waters much sacred soil in France, carrying with it from Domremy, near its source, that which may well nourish heroes. Through St. Mihiel the Meuse flows; and through Verdun, and Liege!

During the Great War, tens of thousands of young soldiers who were training and fighting behind Verdun went to see where the little Maid of France received her command from heaven. And into innumerable American homes came picture post cards, postmarked " Domremy," which said: " Today I've seen her house, and church, and where she played. You can hardly believe it was away back long before Columbus was born. She seems like a young sister of every poilu, and not like somebody who lived and died nearly 500 years ago."

And were you, when you left Domremy, to take the highway that runs from Toul through Joinville and Troyes to Orleans, you'd pass through Brienne, where Napoleon was schooled. And there you would meet the Aube, which Joffre decreed, early in September, 1914, should be the last stand of France's retreating armies: " The moment has come for the army to advance at all costs and allow itself to be slain where it stands rather than give way."

Through Arcis-sur-Aube Joan led her Dauphin to Reims to become King. A few miles west of Arcis is Plancy, whence, on September 8, 1914, Ferdinand Foch sent his immortal telegram to Joffre:

" My center gives way; my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack."

Some hours later, the Prussians, celebrating their success in smashing through that right wing, and toasting their advance on Paris, saw that advance blocked by an army they declared must be from another world.

It was " the Miracle " of the First Battle of the Marne. Some said the soldiers who checked that advance on Paris were the Heavenly Host. Some said the Maid of Orleans led them.

Now let us go into the house by the side of the road, and rub our magic ring, and see it as it was 500 years ago. I think it had two rooms then: a general living room with a dirt floor and a big open fireplace; and a small bedroom for Jacques d'Arc and his wife Isabelle. Alongside, scarce separated from the living room, was the stable for the kine and the flocks. In an attic, reached by a ladder, were some rude beds for the children. At least, so I see it.

And somehow I always seem to see it at night, when the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE pictures on these pages are reproduced, by special permission, from the paintings of scenes from the life of Joan of Arc by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in the W. A. Clark Collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, at Washington, D. C.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
Continued from page nine

family is gathered before the fire, listening to the tales of a wayfarer from off the road to Rome.

Sometimes the guest talked, I doubt not, of wonders he had seen in his journeying; but oftener, in all likelihood, he told tales of the dreadful things that had happened and were happening in France.

A hundred years before those evenings when Joan of Arc sat by the fire and heard tales of France's woe, and before those days when the archangel Michael came to her as she sat beneath the Fairy Tree and told her she was chosen of God to put an end to her country's shame—a hundred years before these things, a French king died, leaving no son. He was the third of three brothers who reigned successively and none of whom left a male heir.

Whereupon their sister Isabella — pleasantly known in England as "the she-wolf," having had her husband, Edward II of England, foully murdered—set up a claim to the crown of France for her young son, Edward III. The crown had passed to her cousin, Philip of Valois; and Edward might have stayed on his side of the Channel, busy enough with subduing the Scotch, save that one of two contestants for the dukedom of Brittany thought to get Edward's assistance by recognizing him as King of France.

The victorious charge of Joan's knights at Patay, where she took Lord Talbot pri

THEN came Edward's invasion of France: the battle of Crecy; the capture of Calais; Poitiers; and France's king carried captive to England by Edward III's son, the Black Prince—and so on, and on. Under Charles V, the third Valois king, and his great Constable Du Guesclin, France won back much that she had lost. Then Charles died, leaving the crown and its care to his eleven-year-old son; and when that son was three-and-twenty he became a madman.

His wife, Isabeau of Bavaria, was a dissolute wretch. What power there was in France vacillated between the mad King's brother, Louis of Orleans, in league with Isabeau the Queen, and the Duke of Burgundy, uncle of the King. Orleans had his uncle of Burgundy murdered. Henry V of England, great-grandson of Edward III, invaded France, won the battle of Agincourt, captured the young Duke of Orleans, and made a treaty with Isabeau, who agreed to give him her daughter Catherine in marriage and to recognize their heir as King of France.

Isabeau's two elder sons had died, about the time of Agincourt; and her third son, Charles, she hated and denounced as a bastard. When his mad father died in 1422 (less than two months after Henry V died) Charles was recognized only in certain parts of France south of the Loire. The north, including Paris, recognized the infant son of Henry V and Catherine, who was not yet crowned King of England.

This was when Joan was ten years old. As she grew older and could comprehend more and more of her country's shame and sorrow, that shame and sorrow deepened every day.

Charles the Dauphin, who should have been Charles the King, lurked fearfully at safe distance from the English and their allies, the Burgundians. In October, 1428, the Duke of Bedford, Henry V's brother, who was regent of France for his seven-year-old nephew, laid siege to Orleans, the key to the Loire and to the provinces south of it. If Orleans fell to the English, there could be nothing left for Charles but flight from France.

Unless you, as you visit Domremy, have pretty clearly in mind what the situation was when Joan set forth from there on her mission, I do not see how you can follow her as she goes.

SO—! Sit with her, in the family group, beside the fire on a wintry evening as 1428 wears to its end and there seems no ray of hope that the new year will not see France in complete subjection.

There is Jacques d'Arc, the father. Once he dreamed that Joan would go marching with soldiers, and told the dream to his sons, saying: "If I believed the thing I dreamed of her would happen, I should wish that you might drown her; and if you did not do it, I would drown her myself." Joan knew this. Her mother had told it to her.

There is Isabelle, the mother, called Romee because once she had gone on a pilgrimage to Rome. A devout woman and an excellent mother—but not the kind to whom a girl tells her Visions.

There are three brothers, Jacquemin and Jean and Pierre. They are fond of Joan; everybody is fond of Joan! She is so gentle and kind and good, and such a capable girl withal—but they might take their father at his word if they had any suspicion that Joan would go

Maid herself can be seen in the background, leading the van of the main attack.

marching with soldiers. Indeed, yes! They know of only one kind of girl who follows armies. And 'twere better to be drowned than to be such. No! Joan does not tell them that God will use her to save France. Yet she has known it, herself, for four years.

In July Domremy had been raided and ravaged, and the inhabitants had to flee. The family of Jacques d'Arc fled, too. After a few days' absence they returned and set their little home to rights again, and helped to repair the village church which had been damaged by fire.

In October they heard of the siege of Orleans. And the Voices told Joan that she would raise the siege, and that she was to go to Robert de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs, and ask him to give her men to go with her to the Dauphin. "For," as she said, "I was a poor girl, knowing neither how to ride nor to conduct war."

BUT how to get to Vaucouleurs?

At a tiny village near Vaucouleurs lived a cousin of Joan's mother, to whom a baby was coming. Joan somehow got word to this woman's husband, Durand Laxart, that she would willingly go to his home to care for his wife when the baby came.

So Laxart asked permission of her parents; it was granted; and he came to Domremy to fetch Joan.

Perhaps the evening when you seem to sit by the fire in the cottage at Domremy is the evening when Joan knows that the morrow will see her on her way to save France. They who sit with her tonight are not grieving to have her go. They think she will soon return.

In the morning: "Two peasants, as humble and as obscure as any to be found in France—one, a man in wool cap and jerkin; the other a girl wearing a hood, some sort of cape, a worn and patched red skirt, both of them in sabots—setting out on a winter's day to lift up a fallen kingdom." The word picture is Albert Bigelow Paine's, in his admirable biography of Joan.

As they left Domremy behind them, plodding along the miry road on their twelve-mile walk, Joan told Laxart "that she wished to go to the Dauphin, to have him crowned." She reminded him of what had been prophesied by Marie of Avignon: that France, ruined by a woman, would be restored by an armed maid from the borders of Lorraine.

LAXART was her first recruit! He did what he would never have believed he would dare to do: he took her to Baudricourt—who told him to take Joan home to her father and box her ears for her impudence. But Laxart took her to his own home, instead.

Word of this would travel to Domremy by the first person to journey in that direction. And Joan's parents "nearly lost their minds," as she testified, when they heard of it.

It seems probable that they went to Laxart's home to fetch her. If they did, they were powerless to turn her from her purpose—even when they connived with a youth of Domremy, who said he had Joan's promise to marry him and, to hold her to this promise, had her summoned before the Bishop of Toul; whom she convinced that she had never promised herself to any but the Lord of Heaven.

When she could leave Laxart's wife, she took up her residence in Vaucouleurs, where the simple folk believed in her. She stayed in the home of a couple named Royer who lived close to the castle. There she spun and in other ways made herself useful. There she talked with those who came to see her and hear her tell what God would have her do. And there, one day after about three weeks, Baudricourt came to question her—he having heard of the great disaster France had met in an encounter with the English north of Orleans, and being disposed to grasp at any straw such as Joan doubtless seemed to him.

The poor folk of Vaucouleurs had outfitted Joan with clothes suitable for her journey to the Dauphin. Laxart and another pledged themselves to get her a sturdy horse. She had recruited two knights, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, each of whom had a squire. There had come to Baudricourt from the Dauphin at Chinon a messenger named Colet, accompanied by an archer. They were going back, and Baudricourt seems to have decided that Joan might as well go with them.

He gave her his blessing and an old sword (the munificent man!) and almost immediately the little cavalcade set forth—on the evening of February 23, 1429.

"Go," called Baudricourt after them, "and let come what may!"

"It was for this," said Joan, "that I was born!"

Fifteen months later, to a day, she was captured at Compiegne.

On the 23d of February, 1929, the bells rang all over

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Joan's recognition of her "gentle Dauphin," the uncrowned Charles VII, at Chinon. He wore ordinary dress and had stepped down into the crowd of his court, but she knew him at once.

[FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
Continued from page eleven]

the department of the Meuse, wherein are Domremy and Vaucouleurs, to celebrate that setting forth 500 years before.

Three hundred and seventy-five miles Joan rode with her little escort in eleven days (or nights) mounted on a heavy farm horse—she who had scarcely ever ridden before fording swollen streams; picking the least frequented and consequently the rudest roads; riding much under cover of darkness; slipping through sleeping villages noiselessly, the horses' hoofs wrapped in rags so their beats might not resound; riding through black forests where branches scratched her face and any underbrush might hold an ambush. Chilled with cold, though never with fear; half dead of fatigue, but never doubting that God demanded it of her; day and night, resting when she could and as she could—the child just turned seventeen rode on and on to Chinon, where she arrived the 6th of March.

Cavalry officers noted for their endurance in the saddle have ridden over this route of Joan's from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, and marveled at her accomplishment.

This year the Touring Club of France, in conjunction with sundry local boards and special committees, under the patronage of the National Association for the Commemoration of the 500th Anniversary of Joan's Epic, are unveiling tablets or stones at each place on her route through France—the commemorative exercises taking place on the appropriate dates. Vaucouleurs held its ceremony on February 23. The Abbey of St. Urbain, on the Marne, dedicated its stone on February 24. It was Joan's first resting place. Then Pothieres, and Auxerre, and Gien, where she first saw the Loire and was forty miles from Orleans, and Loches, and St. Catherine de Fierbois, and at last, Chinon.

FROM St. Catherine de Fierbois she sent forward her two knights with a letter to Charles, saying that she knew many things to interest him.

Then on Sunday she rode into the little town of Chinon, and found lodging with the widow Regnier, who lived near the Church of St. Etienne.

That Sunday, March 6, was the fourth Sunday of Lent, called *Laetare Jerusalem*. On that day the children of Domremy always held a special little gathering beneath the Fairy Tree. "Girls and boys we came in a troop," testified she who had been little Mengette, Joan's playmate, "bringing small loaves of bread. Often I was with Jeannette [so they called Joan]. We ate under the tree; then we went to drink from the currant spring. How many times we have laid the cloth under the tree and eaten together! Afterward we played and danced. Those things still go on; our children do today what we did then."

Mengette's children, yes. But not Joan's.

How much of the little girl of a year before was left in the widow Regnier's lodger, that Sunday afternoon at Chinon? Not much, doubtless. But I like to believe that she sent back a wistful thought or two to the comrades dancing beneath the Fairy Tree.

UP in the castle sprawling along the hill above the town—the height whereon Cæsar's legions had sat, supreme in their world; whereon Clovis had builded, and Henry II, the first Plantagenet, had died in his last great rage—they knew that the girl from Lorraine had come. They had her letter. They had a letter from that fellow Baudricourt away over at Vaucouleurs.

A pretty pass had things come to, when cowherds came to tell the King his business! For his dignity's sake (which certainly needed something done for it!) Charles was urged to give no countenance to such impudence. And for his weak wits' sake (which certainly needed safeguarding!) he was counseled against hearkening to such nonsense. The thing for him to do, said they who were his councilors, was to go to the south of France—and wait for the English to drive him out of there.

Charles was inert and weak, but he was also superstitious. As to helping himself, he had little will; but if powers supernatural wished to aid him—well, why not? He would see this girl. He was bored; she would at least be something new! Furthermore, the people of Orleans had heard of her, and demanded that she be sent to them.

The Duke of Orleans was a prisoner in the Tower of London. But his half brother, the Bastard of Orleans, was a very capable soldier, and loyal withal. What nonsense to suppose that a girl who had never seen an army could do better for Orleans than he!

Still, Charles would see the girl. So, on Tuesday afternoon, March 8, a small escort of archers was dispatched to the widow Regnier's house to bring the young Lorrainer up to the castle.

It was sunset as they reclimbed the hill. A trooper who crossed their path jeered at Joan in her boy's clothing, and swore.

"Ah!" she said pityingly, "you, who are so near to death, blaspheme."

And before she and her escort reached the castle gate, the trooper had fallen into the Vienne and been drowned.

You enter the castle today by the porte by which she entered, and pass to the audience chamber, roofless and floorless now, where some 300 persons crowded in torchlight to see what she would do.

A sturdy young peasant she was, her body not yet showing any effects of her merciless requirements of it; dressed like a lad, her dark hair cut like a page boy's.

She stepped proudly and her glance, unafraid, swept the curious crowd. Not bold, but intrepid because she was on God's business, she searched the throng for him whom she had come to serve.

Charles had not disguised himself, as some reports say. But he stood in no place of authority. He was waiting among the courtiers and men at arms, to see if the girl would be directed to him.

" A knock-kneed little being," one authority describes him, " puny, unprepossessing, with troubled gray eyes, a huge nose, a sensual mouth; wearing a shabby doublet."

But she knew him!

" Gentle Dauphin," she said, bowing before him, " I am Joan the Maid, sent to you by the King of Heaven to tell you that through me you shall be anointed and crowned at Reims and shall be the lieutenant of God who is the real King of France."

Then, speaking low so that only he could hear, she added that she had for him a happy answer to a certain prayer he had made to the Virgin.

With that she turned and left him. But Charles gave orders that she was not to quit the castle. He must know more about the answer to that prayer. For what he had prayed of the Virgin was a sign assuring him that he was indeed the son of Charles VI and not—as his wanton mother declared, to spite him—a bastard.

Charles was just turned six-and-twenty, and had been an uncrowned and half-acknowledged king for six and a half years. Not too well fed much of the time, and not always able to get credit for a new pair of shoes.

I'VE always felt at Chinon (where I have been many times, as I have been to every place associated with Joan) that I wanted to " see " there the ghost of a boy " goin' on six," who was to be Louis XI, and to mold a new France which he could never have called into being except for this peasant girl from Domremy. But Louis spent his childhood mostly at Loches, perhaps dreaming dreams of cages in which he would one day put those who betrayed him. I'd like to " see " him peering through the torchlit gloom at the girl without whose aid he would probably have been an insignificant claimant and exile; but history won't let me have him there.

While Joan chafed at the delay, begging to be sent to Orleans, those at Chinon questioned and questioned her. And then, instead of letting her go up the Loire to the beleaguered city, Charles took her to Poitiers, fifty miles south of Chinon, there to be further examined as to her trustworthiness.

At Poitiers the bishops and other councilors urged her to show some sign that she was indeed come from the King of Heaven.

" In God's name! " she cried. " I have not come to Poitiers to work signs! But take me to Orleans and I will show you signs why I am sent."

On Tuesday of Holy Week, which was March 22, she dictated her demand to the English to render up the keys of all the good cities they had taken in France and to withdraw from before Orleans.

THAT year Good Friday and Annunciation fell on the same day; and there was a widespread belief that when this happened great events were imminent. And particularly was this conjunction celebrated at Le Puy, far away in southern-central France, near where the mighty Loire is born among the Cevennes Mountains.

Thither, 300 miles from Domremy, went Joan's mother, Isabelle, to pray for her daughter's success. Thither, 200 miles from Poitiers, went Joan's two knights who had set out with her from Vaucouleurs; and they too prayed while the questioning of Joan went on—and Orleans waited for her aid.

Some word of how Joan was faring must have got back betimes to Domremy, for two of her brothers joined her at Tours in April, while she was preparing to move on Orleans. She was going to march with soldiers. And her brothers were there not to drown her, but to follow her and revel in her acclaim!

Two months from the day she had left Vaucouleurs, Joan in glittering white armor, her pennant bearing a picture of the Annunciation, rode across the Loire at Tours, accompanied by her knights, her brothers, and others of her new household, and took the road on the right or north bank of the river, toward Blois, where she found a gathering of those she was to lead to Orleans.

Gilles de Retz was there—the original of Bluebeard. And a group of other seasoned warriors who drank and gambled and swore lustily, as they believed all doughty fighters must.

Joan decided that these things must cease at once. The camp followers must go. Captains and men must say their prayers, go to mass and to confession, and prepare themselves to march under the banner of the King of Heaven.

When they left Blois they again crossed the Loire. And they were singing Veni Creator Spiritus, as the Crusaders of St. Louis had sung it nearly two centuries before when sailing from Aiguesmortes.

Joan's sword was in itself an earnest of victory. She

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The trial of Joan for heresy and witchcraft, at Rouen. " Look well to your acts," she bade the Bishop of Beauvais, " for in truth I have been sent by God." In 1431 she was burned at the stake. In 1920 she was canonized.

[FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO]
Continued from page thirteen

had sent an armorer, when she was being outfitted at Tours, to the Church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, where she had prayed on her last stop before reaching Chinon, and told him where he would find, buried beside the altar, an ancient sword with five crosses on the blade. "As soon as it was found," Joan testified before her judges at Rouen, "the priests of the church rubbed it and the rust fell off at once without effort." Tradition has it that this was the sword of Charles Martel, Charlemagne's grandfather, deposited by him after his great victory over the invading Saracens. Whether Joan knew this or not, she loved the sword because it had been found in a church dedicated to St. Catherine, who was one of her counselors in her Visions—along with St. Margaret and St. Michael, the captain of the armies of the Lord.

When you follow that south bank of the Loire up toward Clery, you ought easily to see and hear Joan's army moving up, in the sweet Touraine springtime, toward the beleaguered city.

It was Joan's simple purpose to march straight in! She seems not to have realized that Orleans lies on the north bank of the Loire, and that on the south bank, in front of the city, the English were very strong. And it would seem that none of her captains told her; they thought it to be "better and safer" to go beyond Orleans, ferry across, and come back to the eastern gate of the city, which was the least defended.

Joan was very angry when she realized that she could not get her army across in front of Orleans; and it was with difficulty that Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, who came out to meet her, was able to persuade her to enter the city and wait while her army returned to Blois as they had come, and marched up the north shore.

But he prevailed. The army went back. Joan stayed. And "at 8 o'clock of the evening [April 29] notwithstanding all the English, who in nowise prevented it, she entered fully armed, mounted on a white horse . . . at her left side the Bastard of Orleans, armed and mounted most richly. . . . She was received by other soldiers and burghers and burgesses of Orleans carrying torches in great number, and making such joy as if they saw God descend among them."

JOAN was conducted to the home of Jacques Boucher, who was treasurer of the Duke of Orleans; and there she shared the bed of Boucher's little nine-year-old daughter, Charlotte.

The next day Joan sent a letter to Lord Talbot of the English forces, telling him that unless he withdrew his army from the siege and returned with them to England, she would force them to go.

And, "I affirm," said Dunois, "that while formerly the English with two hundred of theirs could put to flight a thousand of ours, from that hour it required only four or five hundred of our soldiers to combat all the power of the English."

When her army returned from Blois, coming by the right (or north) bank, Joan rode forth to meet them, wearing her white armor and carrying her banner. And this time they did march into the city like an army of the Lord, confident of victory. The English made no movement to resist them then, though afterward they fought fiercely before retiring.

There is not space here to describe how Joan led those sorties by which the besiegers were driven away from Orleans. Or to tell of other victories which followed. They are all told in books innumerable. You have read many of them, no doubt. Just now, you must read at least one of them again. For your sake! And not for hers who hath no need of any more honor. You will do well if you choose Mark Twain's tender, *exalté* Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. And I would that everyone interested not alone in the great story of Joan, but in what it signifies in human history, might read George Bernard Shaw's preface to his play Saint Joan.

From Domremy to Reims, and on to Rouen: the journeys and marches of Joan of Arc in the two years that made her immortal. Her ride from Vaucouleurs to Chinon is shown in color.

NO one has ever made clearer than Shaw does what a new day that girl from Domremy ushered into the world. History gives great credit to Louis XI for smashing feudalism and clearing the ground for the foundations of modern times. But it was Joan the Maid who put that into the hearts of men which moved them, then and forever after, to fight and die if need be for the better establishment of a world wherein a peasant girl might be as effective an instrument for great purposes as any lord or noble. It was Joan who did what all the great lords of France had failed to do for a full century. And it was Joan the unlettered, the simple of heart, the devout but determined, who led, for all time, the armies of those who are willing to die, if need be, rather than deny their Voices—those who believe that God communicates his will to even the humblest of his creatures.

She unified France and gave it national consciousness and confidence. But she came not for France alone, but for the world.

We cannot here follow her through her short but crowded career and to her martyrdom. But I think we should stand with her in the great choir of Reims Cathedral on July 17 when the trumpets blare and swords flash in token of defensive allegiance, as her "gentle Dauphin" becomes Charles VII of France.

Is it for love of Isabeau's ill-favored son that Joan has cleared the road to Reims so that he may be consecrated?

Even Joan, who but dimly comprehends her own great mission, knows better than that.

Charles was, in Joan's belief, the heir to the crown. But above all, in her belief, the Lord God of Heaven was the King of France.

And it was to see Charles consecrated as the Lord's deputy that she strove; it was to give the people of France a ruler touched with that holy oil at Reims, and thus in league with Heaven for France's salvation.

Belief in the divine right of kings has passed from the earth. Belief in hereditary rights of rulership is nearly gone.

Joan did much to advance the day when leadership is recognized, wherever it may originate.

She made us respectful of Voices that tell of right, and direct how battles shall be fought; and even though we ourselves cannot hear Voices, we are content to elect as leaders those who can hear Voices and are obedient even unto death.

Nearly everything about the Maid of France is symbolic, and capable of interpretation according to your needs or mine, however divergent those needs may be.

THE END

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"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients Palmolive—the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Dr N. G. Payot

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Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.

FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of *London;* to Pessl, of *Vienna;* to Elise Bock, of *Berlin*—and everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.

The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.

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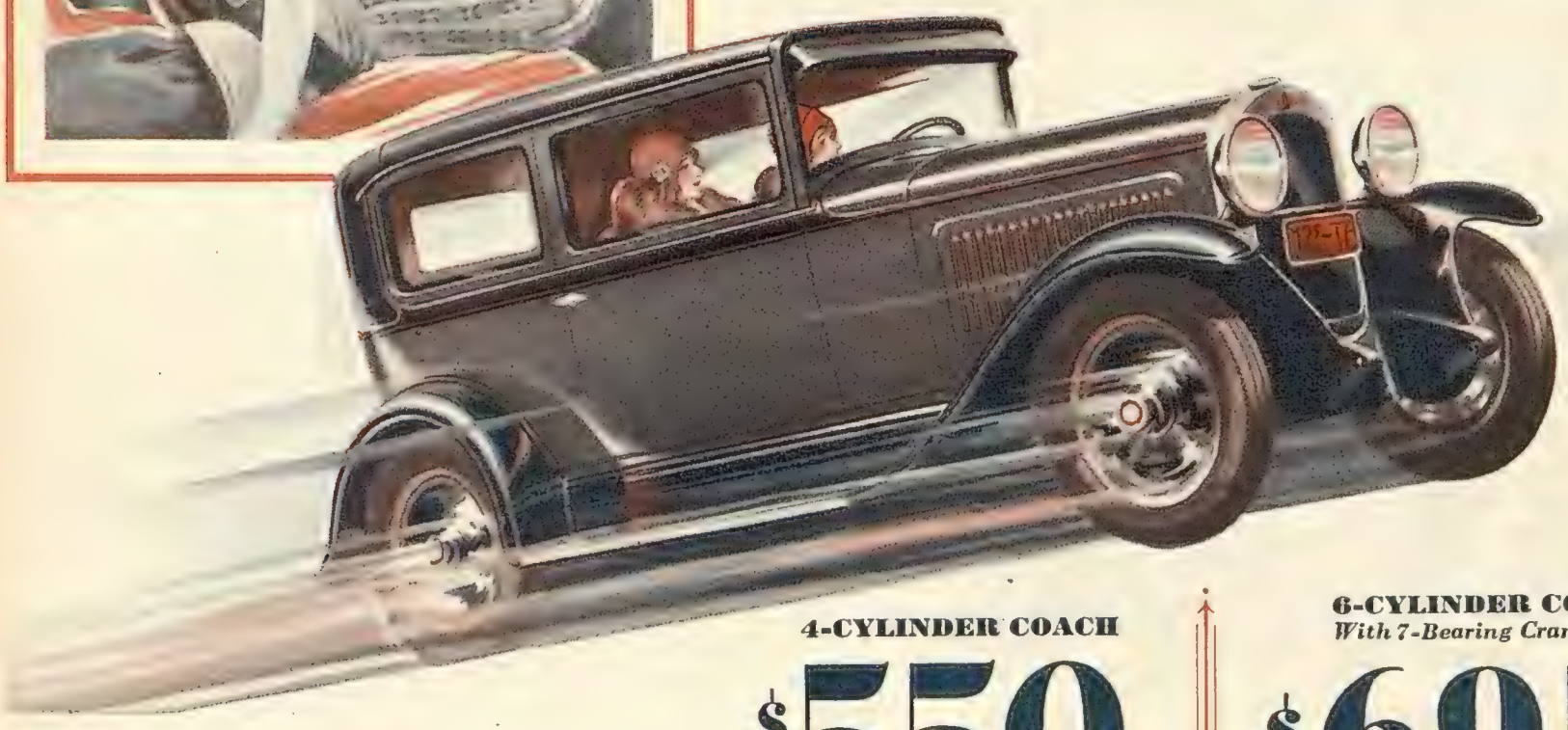

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Whippet

FOURS SIXES

IF he had not been wearing a top hat, he would have been an almost exact replica of the hunting leopard.

The Story of CEDRIC

A Tale of Boots and a Bachelor

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

I HAVE heard it said that the cosy peace which envelops the bar parlor of the Angler's Rest has a tendency to promote in the regular customers a certain callousness and indifference to human suffering. I fear there is something in the charge.

We who have made the place our retreat sit sheltered in a backwater far removed from the rushing stream of life. We may be dimly aware that out in the world there are hearts that ache and bleed; but we order another gin and ginger and forget about them. Tragedy, to us, has come to mean merely the occasional flatness of a bottle of beer.

Nevertheless, this crust of selfish detachment can be cracked.

When Mr. Mulliner entered on this Sunday evening, and announced that Miss Postlethwaite, our gifted and popular barmaid, had severed her engagement to Alfred Lukyn, the courteous assistant at the Bon Ton Drapery Stores in the High Street, it is not too much to say that we were stunned.

"But it's only half an hour ago," we cried, "that she went off to meet him in her best black satin with the love-light in her eyes. They were going to church together."

"They never reached the sacred edifice," said Mr. Mulliner, sighing and taking a grave sip of hot Scotch and lemon. "The estrangement occurred directly they met. The rock on which the frail craft of love split was the fact that Alfred Lukyn was wearing yellow shoes."

"Yellow shoes?"

"Yellow shoes," said Mr. Mulliner, "of a singular brightness. These came under immediate discussion. Miss Postlethwaite, a girl of exquisite sensibility and devoutness, argued that to attend evensong in shoes like that was disrespectful to the vicar. The blood of the Lukyns is hot, and Alfred, stung, retorted that he had paid sixteen shillings and eightpence for them, and that the vicar could go and boil his head.

"The ring then changed hands and arrangements were put in train for the return of all gifts and correspondence."

"Just a lovers' tiff."

"Let us hope so."

A thoughtful silence fell upon the bar parlor. Mr. Mulliner was the first to break it.

"Strange," he said, coming out of his reverie, "to what diverse ends Fate will employ the same instrument. Here we have two loving hearts parted by a pair of yellow shoes. Yet, in the case of my cousin Cedric, it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE STORY OF CEDRIC
Continued from page seventeen]

was a pair of yellow shoes that brought him a bride. These things work both ways."

TO say I ever genuinely liked my cousin Cedric (said Mr. Mulliner) would be paltering with the truth. Even as a boy, he gave evidence of being about to become what eventually he did become—one of those neat, prim, fussy, precise, middle-aged bachelors who are so numerous in the neighbourhood of St. James Street. It is a type I have never liked, and Cedric, in addition to being neat, prim, fussy, and precise, was also one of London's leading snobs.

For the rest, he lived in comfortable rooms at the Albany, where between the hours of 9:30 and 12 in the morning he would sit closeted with his efficient secretary, Miss Myrtle Watling, busy on some task the nature of which remained wrapped in mystery. Some said he was writing a monumental history of Spats; others that he was engaged upon his Memoirs. My private belief is that he was not working at anything, but entertained Miss Watling during those hours simply because he lacked the nerve to dismiss her. She was one of those calm, strong young women who look steadily out upon the world through spectacles with tortoise-shell rims. Her mouth was firm, her chin resolute. Mussolini might have fired her if at the top of his form, but I can think of nobody else capable of the feat.

So, there you have my cousin Cedric. Forty-five years of age, forty-five inches round the waist, an established authority on the subject of dress, one of the six recognized bores at his club, and a man with the entrée into all the best houses in London. That the peace of such a one could ever be shattered; that anything could ever occur seriously to disturb the orderly routine of such a man's life, might seem incredible. And yet this happened. How true it is that we can never tell behind what corner Fate may be lurking with the brass knuckles.

THE day which was to prove so devastating to Cedric Mulliner's bachelor calm began, ironically, on a note of bright happiness. It was a Sunday and he was always at his best on Sundays, for that was the day on which Miss Watling did not come to the Albany. For some little time back, he had been finding himself more than usually ill at ease in Miss Watling's presence. She had developed a habit of looking at him with an odd, speculative expression in her eyes. It was an expression whose meaning he could not read, but it had disturbed him. He was glad to be relieved of her society for a whole day.

Then, again, his new morning clothes had just arrived from the tailor's and, looking at himself in the mirror, he found his appearance flawless. The tie—quiet and admirable. The trousers—perfect. The gleaming black boots—just right. In the matter of dress, he was a man with a position to keep up. Younger men looked to him for guidance. Today, he felt, he would not fail them.

Finally, he was due at half-past 1 for luncheon at the house of Lord Knubble of Knopp in Grosvenor Square, and he knew that he could count on meeting there all that was best and fairest of England's aristocracy.

His anticipations were more than fulfilled. Except for a lout of a baronet who had managed to slip in somehow, there was nobody besides himself present at the luncheon table below the rank of a viscount. And, to complete his happiness, he found himself seated next to Lady Chloe Downblotton, the beautiful daughter of the seventh Earl of Choole, for whom he had long entertained a paternal and respectful fondness. And so capitally did they get on during the meal that, when the party broke up, she suggested that if he were going in her direction, which was the Achilles statue in the park, they might stroll together.

"What's that? That—bodiless head."

"The fact is," said Lady Chloe, as they walked down Park Lane, "I feel I must confide in somebody. I've just got engaged."

"Engaged! Dear lady," breathed Cedric reverently, "I wish you every happiness. But I have seen no announcement in the Morning Post."

"No. And I shouldn't think the betting is more than fifteen to four that you ever will. It all depends on how

"Oh, that?" said Myrtle. "That is my fiancé."

the good old seventh Earl reacts when I bring Claude home this afternoon and lay him on the mat. I love Claude," sighed Lady Chloe, "with a passion too intense for words, but I'm quite aware that he isn't everybody's money. You see, he's an artist and, left to himself, he dresses more like a tramp cyclist than anything else on earth. Still, I'm hoping for the best. I dragged him off to Cohen Bros. yesterday and made him buy morning clothes and top hat. Thank goodness, he looked positively respectable, so . . ."

Her voice died away in a strangled rattle. They had entered the park and were drawing near to the Achilles statue, and coming toward them, his top hat raised in a debonair manner, was a young man of pleasing appearance, correctly clad in morning coat, gray tie, stiff collar, and an unimpeachable pair of sponge-bag trousers, nicely creased from north to south.

But he was, alas, not 100 per cent correct. From neck to ankles beyond criticism, below that he went all to pieces. What had caused Lady Chloe to lose the thread of her remarks, and Cedric Mulliner to utter a horrified moan, was the fact that this young man was wearing bright yellow shoes.

"Claude!" Lady Chloe covered her eyes with a shaking hand. "Ye gods!" she cried. "The foot-joy! The banana specials! The yellow perils! Why? For what reason?"

The young man seemed taken aback.

"Don't you like them?" he asked. "I thought they were rather natty. Just what the rig-out needed, in my opinion, a touch of colour. It seemed to me to help the composition."

"They're awful. Tell him how awful they are, Mr. Mulliner."

"TAN shoes are not worn with a morning suit," said Cedric in a low voice. He was deeply shaken.

"Why not?"

"Never mind why not," said Lady Chloe. "They aren't. Look at Mr. Mulliner's."

The young man did so.

"Tame," he said. "Colourless. Lacking in spirit and that indefinable something. I don't like them."

"Well, you've jolly well got to learn to like them," said Lady Chloe, "because you're going to change with Mr. Mulliner this very minute."

A shrill, bat-like, middle-aged bachelor squeak forced itself from Cedric's lips. He could hardly believe he had heard correctly.

"Come along, both of you," said Lady Chloe briskly. "You can do it over there behind those chairs. I'm sure you don't mind, Mr. Mulliner, do you?"

Cedric was still shuddering strongly.

"You ask me to put on yellow shoes with a morning suit?" he whispered, the face beneath his shining silk hat pale and drawn.

"Yes."

"Here? In the park? At the height of the Season?"

"Yes. Do hurry."

"But . . ."

"Mr. Mulliner! Surely? To oblige me?"

She was gazing at him with pleading eyes, and from the confused welter of Cedric's thoughts there emerged, clear and crystal-like, the recollection of the all-important fact that this girl was the daughter of an earl and related on her mother's side, not only to the Somersetshire Meophams, but to the Brashmarleys of Bucks, the Widringtons of Wilts, and the Hilsbury-Hepworths of Hants.

Could he refuse any request, however monstrous, proceeding from one so extremely well connected?

He stood palsied. All his life he had prided himself on the unassailable orthodoxy of his costume. As a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE STORY OF CEDRIC
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young man he had never gone in for bright ties. His rigidity in the matter of turned-up trousers was a byword. And, though the fashion had been set by an Exalted Personage, he had always stood out against even such a venial lapse as the wearing of a white waistcoat with a dinner jacket. How little this girl knew the magnitude of the thing she was asking of him. He blinked. His eyes watered and his ears twitched. Hyde Park seemed to whirl madly about him.

And then, like a voice from afar, something seemed to whisper in his ear that this girl's second cousin Adelaide had married Lord Slythe and Sayle, and that among the branches of the family were the Sussex Booles and the ffrench-ffarmiloes—not the Kent ffrench-ffarmiloes, but the Dorsetshire lot. It just turned the scale.

"So be it!" said Cedric Mulliner.

For a few moments after he found himself alone, my cousin Cedric had all the appearance of a man at a loss for his next move. He stood rooted to the spot, staring spellbound at the saffron horrors which had blossomed on his hitherto blameless feet. Then, pulling himself together with a strong effort, he slunk to Hyde Park Corner, stopped a passing cab, and, having directed the driver to take him to the Albany, leaped hastily in.

The relief of being under cover was at first so exquisite that his mind had no room for other thoughts. Soon, he told himself, he would be safe in his cosy apartment, with the choice of thirty-seven pairs of black boots to take the place of these ghastly objects. It was only when the cab reached the Albany that he realized the difficulties which lay in his path.

How could he walk through the lobby of the Albany looking like a ship with yellow fever on board? He—Cedric Mulliner—the man whose advice on the niceties of dress had frequently been sought by young men in the Brigade of Guards, and once by the second son of a marquis? The thing was inconceivable.

It is characteristic of the Mulliners as a family that, however sore the straits in which they find themselves, they never wholly lose their presence of mind. Cedric leaned out of the window and addressed the driver of the cab.

"My man," he said, "how much do you want for your boots?"

THE driver was not one of London's lightning thinkers. For a full minute he sat, looking like a red-nosed sheep, allowing the idea to penetrate.

"My boots?" he said at length.

"Your boots."

"How much do I want for my boots?"

"Precisely. I am anxious to obtain your boots. How much for the boots?"

"How much for the boots?"

"Exactly. The boots. How much for them?"

"You want to buy my boots?"

"Precisely."

"Ah," said the driver, "but the whole thing is, you see, it's like this. I'm not wearing any boots. I suffer from corns, so I come out in a tennis shoe and a carpet slipper. I could do you them at ten bob the pair."

Cedric Mulliner sank dumbly back. The disappointment had been numbing. But the old Mulliner resourcefulness stood him in good stead. A moment later his head was out of the window again.

"Take me," he said, "to Seven, Nasturtium Villas, Marigold Road, Valley Fields."

The driver thought this over for a while.

"Why?" he said.

"Never mind why."

"The Albany you told me," said the driver. "Take me to the Albany was what you said. And this here is the Albany. Ask anyone."

"Yes, yes, yes. But I now wish to go to Seven, Nasturtium Villas . . ."

"How do you spell it?"

"One *n*. Seven, Nasturtium Villas, Marigold Road . . ."

"How do you spell *that?*"

"One *g*."

"And it's in Valley Fields, you say?"

"Precisely."

"One *v?*"

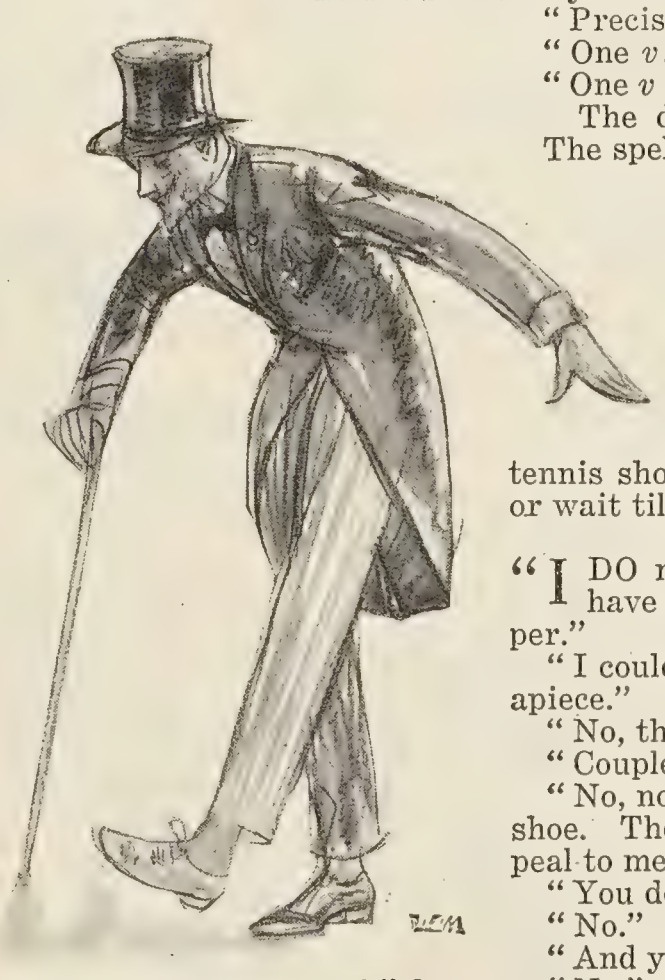
"One *v* and one *f*," said Cedric.

The driver sat silent for a while. The spelling bee over, he seemed to be marshaling his thoughts.

"Now I'm beginning to get the whole thing," he said. "What you want to do is go to Seven, Nasturtium Villas, Marigold Road, Valley Fields."

"Precisely."

"Well, will you have the tennis shoe and the carpet slipper now, or wait till we get there?"



"Don't you like them?" he asked. "I thought they were rather natty."

"I DO not desire the tennis shoe. I have no wish for the carpet slipper."

"I could do you them at half a crown apiece."

"No, thank you."

"Couple of bob, then."

"No, no, no. I do not want the tennis shoe. The carpet slipper makes no appeal to me."

"You don't want the shoe?"

"No."

"And you don't want the slipper?"

"No."

"But you do want," said the driver, assembling the facts and arranging them in an orderly manner, "to go to Seven, Nasturtium Villas, Marigold Road, Valley Fields."

"Precisely."

"Ah," said the driver, slipping in his clutch with an air of quiet rebuke. "Now we've got the thing straight. If you'd only told me that in the first place, we'd have been 'arf-way there by now."

The urge which had come upon Cedric Mulliner to visit Seven, Nasturtium Villas, Marigold Road, Valley Fields—that picturesque suburb in the southeastern postal division of London—had been due to no idle whim. Nor had it been prompted by a mere passion for travel and sight-seeing.

It was at that address that his secretary, Miss Myrtle Watling, lived; and the plan which Cedric had now formed was, in his opinion, the best to date.

What he proposed to do was to seek out Miss Watling, give her his latchkey, and dispatch her to the Albany in the cab to fetch him one of his thirty-seven pairs of black boots.

When she returned with them, he could put them on and look the world in the face again.

He could see no flaw in the scheme, nor did any present itself during the long ride to Valley Fields. It was only when the cab had stopped outside the front garden of the neat little red-brick house and he had alighted and told the driver to wait ["Wait?" said the driver. "How do you mean, 'Wait'? Oh, you mean wait?"], that doubts began to disturb him. Even as he raised his finger to press the doorbell, there crept over him a chilly feeling of mistrust, and he drew the finger back as sharply as if he had found it on the point of prodding a dowager duchess in the ribs.

Could he meet Miss Watling in a morning suit and yellow shoes? Reluctantly he told himself that he could not. He remembered how often she had taken down, at his dictation, letters to the Times deploring modern

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[THE STORY OF CEDRIC
Continued from page twenty]

laxity in matters of dress; and his brain reeled at the thought of how she would look if she saw him now. Those raised brows . . . those scornful lips . . . those clear, calm eyes registering disgust through their windshields . . . No, he could not face Miss Watling.

A sort of dull resignation came over Cedric Mulliner. It was useless, he saw, to struggle any longer. He was on the point of moving from the door and going back to the cab and embarking on the laborious task of explaining to the driver that he wished to return to the Albany ["I took you there once, and you didn't like it," he could hear the man saying], when from somewhere close at hand there came to his ears a sudden, loud, gurgling noise, rather like that which might have proceeded from a pig suffocating in a vat of glue. It was the sound of someone snoring.

He turned, and became aware of an open window at his elbow.

The afternoon, I should have mentioned before, was oppressively warm. It was the sort of afternoon when suburban householders, after keeping body and soul together with roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, mealy potatoes, apple tart, Cheddar cheese, and bottled beer, retire into sitting rooms and take refreshing naps. Such a householder, enjoying such a nap, was the conspicuous feature of the room into which my cousin Cedric was now peering. He was a large, stout man, and he lay in an armchair with a handkerchief over his face and his feet on another chair. And those feet, Cedric saw, were clad merely in a pair of mauve socks. His boots lay beside him on the carpet.

With a sudden thrill as sharp as if he had backed into a hot radiator in his bathroom, Cedric perceived that they were black boots.

The next moment, as if impelled by some irresistible force, Cedric Mulliner had shot silently through the window and was crawling on all fours along the floor. His teeth were clenched and his eyes gleamed with a strange light. If he had not been wearing a top hat, he would have been an almost exact replica of the hunting leopard of the Indian jungle stalking its prey.

CEDRIC crept stealthily on. For a man who had never done this sort of thing before, he showed astonishing proficiency and technique. Indeed, had the leopard which he so closely resembled chanced to be present, it could undoubtedly have picked up a hint or two which it would have found useful in its business. Inch by inch he moved silently forward, and now his itching fingers were hovering over the nearer of the two boots. At this moment, however, the drowsy stillness of the summer afternoon was shattered by what sounded to his strained senses like G. K. Chesterton falling on a sheet of tin. It was, as a matter of fact, only his hat dropping to the floor, but in the highly nervous state of mind into which he had been plunged by recent events it nearly deafened him. With one noiseless, agile spring, remarkable in one of his waist measurement, he dived for shelter behind the armchair.

A long moment passed. At first, he thought that all was well. The sleeper had apparently not wakened. Then, there was a gurgle, a heavy body sat up, and a large hand passed within an inch of Cedric's head and pressed the bell in the wall. And presently the door opened and a parlor maid entered.

"Jane," said the man in the chair.

"Sir?"

"Something woke me up."

"Yes, sir?"

"I got the impression . . . Jane!"

"Sir?"

"What is that on the floor?"

"A top hat, sir."

"That's what I thought, too. Yes, it is a top hat. This is a nice thing," said the man, speaking querulously. "I compose myself for a refreshing sleep, and almost before I can close my eyes the room becomes full of top hats. I come in here for a quiet rest, and without the slightest warning I find myself knee-deep in top hats. Why the top hat, Jane? I demand a categorical answer."

"Perhaps Miss Myrtle put it there, sir."

"Why would Miss Myrtle strew top hats about the place?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean, 'yes, sir'?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. Another time, think before you speak. Remove the hat, Jane, and see to it that I am not disturbed again. It is imperative that I get my afternoon's rest."

"Miss Myrtle said that you were to weed the front garden, sir."

"I am aware of the fact, Jane," said the man with dignity. "In due time I shall proceed to the front garden and start weeding. But first I must have my afternoon's rest. This is a Sunday in June. The birds are sleeping in the trees. Master Willie is sleeping in his room as ordered by the doctor. I, too, intend to sleep. Leave me, Jane, taking the top hat with you."

THE door closed, the man sank back in his chair with a satisfied grunt, and presently he had begun to snore again.

Cedric did not act hastily. Bitter experience was teaching him the caution which Boy Scouts learn in the cradle. For perhaps a quarter of an hour he remained where he was, crouched in his hiding place. Then the snoring rose to a crescendo. It had now become like something out of Wagner, and it seemed to Cedric that the moment had arrived when action could safely be taken. He removed his left boot and, creeping softly from his lair, seized one of the black boots and put it on. It was a nice fit and for the first time something approaching contentment began to steal upon him. A minute more—one little minute—and all would be well.

This heartening thought had just crossed his mind when, with an abruptness which caused his heart to loosen one of his front teeth, the silence was again broken —this time by something that sounded like the Grand Fleet putting in a bit of gunnery practice off The Nore. An instant later he was back, quivering, in his niche behind the chair.

The sleeper sat up with a jerk.

"Save the women and children," he said.

Then the hand came out and pressed the bell again.

"Jane!"

"Sir?"

"Jane, that beastly window sash has got loose again. I never saw anything like the sashes in this house. A fly settles on them and down they come. Prop it up with a book or something."

"Yes, sir."

"And I'll tell you one thing, Jane, and you can quote me as having said so. Next time I want a quiet afternoon's rest, I shall go to a boiler factory."

The parlor maid withdrew. The man heaved a sigh and lowered himself into the chair again. And presently the room was echoing once more with the Ride of the Valkyries.

It was shortly after this that the bumps began on the ceiling.

They were good hearty bumps. It sounded to Cedric as if a number of people with large feet were dancing morris dances in the room above; and he chafed at the selfishness which could lead them to indulge in their pleasures at such a time. Already the man in the chair had begun to stir and now he sat up and reached for the bell with the old familiar movement.

"Jane!"

"Sir?"

"Listen."

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is Master Willie, I think, sir, taking his Sunday sleep."

The man heaved himself out of the chair. It was plain that his emotions were too deep for speech. He yawned cavernously and began to put on his boots.

"Jane!"

"Sir?"

"I have had enough of this. I shall now go and weed the front garden. Where is my hoe?"

"In the hall, sir."

"Persecution," said the man bitterly. "That's what it is, persecution. Top hats . . . window sashes . . . Master Willie . . . You can argue as much as you like, Jane, but I shall speak out fearlessly. I insist—and the facts support me—that it is persecution. . . . Jane!"

A wordless gurgle proceeded from his lips.

He seemed to be choking.

"Jane!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Look me in the face!"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, answer me, Jane, and let us have no subterfuge or equivocation. Who was it turned this boot yellow?"

"Boot, sir?"

"Yes, boot."

"Yellow, sir?"

"Yes, yellow. Look at that boot. Inspect it. Run your eye over it in an unprejudiced spirit. When I took this boot off it was black. I close my eyes for a few brief moments and when I open them it is yellow. I am not a man tamely to submit to this sort of thing. Who did this?"

"Not me, sir."

"Somebody must have done it. Possibly it is the work of a gang. Sinister things are happening in this house. I tell you, Jane, that Seven, Nasturtium Villas, has suddenly—and on Sunday, too, which makes it worse—become a house of mystery. I shall be vastly surprised if before the day is out, clutching hands do not appear through the curtains and dead bodies drop out of the walls. I don't like it, Jane, and I tell you so frankly. Stand out of my way, woman, and let me get at those weeds."

THE door banged, and there was peace in the sitting room. But not in the heart of Cedric Mulliner. All the Mulliners are clear thinkers and it did not take Cedric long to recognize the fact that his position had changed considerably for the worse. Yes, he had lost ground. He had come into this room with a top hat and yellow boots. He would go out of it minus a top hat and wearing one yellow boot and one black one.

A severe setback.

And now, to complete his discomfiture, his line of communications had been cut. Between him and the cab in which he could find at least temporary safety there stood the man with the hoe. It was a situation to intimidate even a man with a taste for adventure. Douglas Fairbanks would not have liked it. Cedric himself found it intolerable.

There seemed but one course to pursue. This ghastly house presumably possessed a back garden with a door leading out into it. The only thing to do was to flit noiselessly along the passage—if in such a house noiselessness were possible—and find that door and get out into the garden and climb over the wall into the next garden and sneak out into the road and gallop to the cab and so home.

He had almost ceased to care what the hall porter at the Albany would think of him. Perhaps he could pass his appearance off with a light laugh and some story of a bet. Possibly a handsome bribe would close the man's mouth. At any rate, whatever might be the issue, upshot, or outcome, back to the Albany he must go, and that with all possible speed. His spirit was broken.

Tiptoeing over the carpet, Cedric opened the door and peeped out. The passage was empty. He crept along it and had nearly reached its end when he heard the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. There was a door to his left. It was ajar. He leaped through and found himself in a small room through the window of which he looked out on to a pleasant garden. The footsteps passed on and went down the kitchen stairs.

Cedric leaned out of the window and addressed the driver. "My man," he said, "how much do you want for your boots?"

CEDRIC breathed again. It seemed to him that the danger was past and that he could now embark on the last portion of his perilous journey. The thought of the cab drew him like a magnet. Until this moment he had not been conscious of any marked fondness for the driver of the cab, but now he found himself yearning for his society. He panted for the driver as the hart pants after the water brooks. Cautiously Cedric Mulliner opened the window. He put his head out to examine the terrain before proceeding further. The sight encouraged him. The drop to the ground below was of the simplest. He had merely to wriggle through and all would be well.

It was as he was preparing to do this, that the window sash descended on the back of his neck like a guillotine and he found himself firmly pinned to the sill.

A thoughtful-looking ginger-coloured cat, which had risen from the mat at his entrance and had been scrutinizing him with a pale eye, now moved forward and sniffed speculatively at his left ankle. The proceedings seemed to the cat irregular but full of human interest. It sat down and gave itself up to meditation.

Cedric, meanwhile, had done the same. There is, if you come to think of it, little else that a man in his position can do but meditate. And so for some considerable space of time, Cedric Mulliner looked down upon the smiling garden and busied himself with his thoughts.

These, as may readily be imagined, were not of the most agreeable. In circumstances such as those in which he had been placed, it is but rarely that the sunny and genial side of a man's mind comes uppermost. He tends to be bitter, and it is inevitable that his rancour should be directed at those whom he considers responsible for his unpleasant situation.

In Cedric's case there was no difficulty in fixing the responsibility. It was a woman—if one may apply the term to the only daughter of an earl—who had caused his downfall. Nothing could be more significant of the revolution which circumstances had brought about in Cedric's mind than the fact that, regardless of her high position in Society, he now found himself thinking of Lady Chloe Downblotton in the harshest possible vein.

So moved, indeed, was he that, not content with thoroughly disliking Lady Chloe, he was soon extending his loathing—first to her nearer relations and finally, incredible as it may seem, to the entire British aristocracy. Twenty-four hours ago—aye, even a brief two hours ago—Cedric Mulliner had loved every occupant of Debrett's Peerage, from the premier dukes right down to the people who scrape in at the bottom of the page under the heading Collateral Branches, with a respectful fervour which it had seemed that nothing would ever be able to quench. And now there ran riot in his soul something that was little short of red republicanism.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE STORY OF CEDRIC
Continued from page twenty-three]

Drones, he considered them, and—it might be severe, but he stuck to it—mere popinjays. Yes, mere thriftless popinjays.

It so happened that he had never actually seen a popinjay, but he was convinced by some strange instinct that this was what the typical aristocrat of his native country resembled.

"How long?" groaned Cedric. "How long?"

He yearned for the day when the clean flame of freedom, proceeding from Moscow, should scorch these wastrels to a crisp, starting with Lady Chloe Downblotton and then taking the others in order of precedence.

It was at this point in his meditations that his attention was diverted from the social revolution by an agonizing pain in his right calf.

To the more meditative type of cat there comes at irregular intervals a strange, dreamy urge to stand on its hind legs and sharpen its claws on the nearest perpendicular object. This is usually a tree, but in the present case, there being no tree to hand, the ginger-coloured cat inside the room had made shift with Cedric's right calf. Absently, its mind revolving who knows what abstruse subjects, it blinked once or twice; then, rising, got its claws well into the flesh and pulled them down with a slow, lingering motion.

From Cedric's lips there came a cry like that of some Indian peasant who, wandering on the banks of the Ganges, suddenly finds himself being bitten by a crocodile.

It rang through the garden like a clarion, and, as the echoes died away, a girl came up the path. The sun glinted on her tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and Cedric recognized his secretary, Miss Myrtle Watling.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mulliner," said Miss Watling.

She spoke in her usual calm, controlled voice. If she was surprised to see her employer and, seeing him, to behold nothing of him except his head, there was little to show it.

A private secretary learns at the outset of their association never to be astonished at anything her employer may do.

Yet Myrtle Watling was not altogether devoid of feminine curiosity.

"What are you doing there, Mr. Mulliner?" she asked.

"Something is biting me in the leg," cried Cedric.

"It is probably Mortal Error," said Miss Watling who was a Christian Scientist. "Why are you standing there in that rather constrained attitude?"

"The sash came down as I was looking out of window."

"Why were you looking out of window?"

"To see how far there was to drop."

"Why did you wish to drop?"

"I wanted to get away from here."

"Why did you come here?"

It became plain to Cedric that he must tell his story.

He was loath to do so, but to refrain meant that Myrtle Watling would stand there till sunset, saying sentences beginning with "Why."

In a husky voice he told her all.

FOR some moments after he had finished the girl remained silent. A pensive expression had come into her face.

"What you need," she said, "is someone to look after you."

She paused.

"Well, it's not everybody's job," she said reflectively, "but I don't mind taking it on."

A strange foreboding chilled Cedric.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"What you need," said Myrtle Watling, "is a wife. It is a matter which I have been turning over in my mind for some time, and now the whole thing is quite clear to me. You should be married. I will marry you, Mr. Mulliner."

Cedric uttered a low cry. This, then, was the meaning of that look which during the past few weeks he had happened to note from time to time in his secretary's glass-fringed eyes.

Footsteps on the gravel path. A voice spoke, the voice of the man who had slept in the chair. He was plainly perturbed.

"Myrtle," he said, "I am not a man, as you know, to make a fuss about nothing. I take life as it comes, the rough with the smooth. But I feel it my duty to tell you that eerie influences are at work in this house. The atmosphere has become definitely sinister. Top hats appear from nowhere. Black boots turn yellow. And now this cabby here, this cab-driver fellow . . . I didn't get your name. Lanchester? Mr. Lanchester, my daughter Myrtle. . . .

"And now, Mr. Lanchester here tells me that a fare of his entered our front garden some time back and instantly vanished off the face of the earth and has never been seen again. I am convinced that some little-known secret society is at work and that Seven, Nasturtium Villas, is one of those houses you see in the mystery plays, where strange laughter is heard from dark corners and mysterious Chinamen flit to and fro making meaning gestures and . . ."

He broke off with a sharp howl of dismay and stood staring. "Good God! What's that?"

"What, father?"

"That—that bodiless head. That trunkless face. I give you my honest word that there is a severed head protruding from the side of the house. Come over where I'm standing. You can see it distinctly from here."

"Oh, that?" said Myrtle. "That is my fiancé."

"Your fiancé?"

"My fiancé, Mr. Cedric Mulliner."

"Is that all there is of him?" asked the cabman, surprised.

"There is more inside the house," said Myrtle.

MR. WATLING, his composure somewhat restored, was scrutinizing Cedric narrowly.

"Mulliner? You're the fellow my daughter works for, aren't you?"

"I am," said Cedric.

"And you want to marry her?"

"Certainly he wants to marry me," said Myrtle before Cedric could reply.

And suddenly something inside Cedric seemed to say, "Why not?"

It was true that he had never contemplated matrimony except with that horror which all middle-aged bachelors feel when the thought of it comes into their minds in moments of depression. It was true, also, that if he had been asked to submit specifications for a bride, he would have sketched out something differing from Myrtle Watling in not a few respects. But, after all, he felt as he looked at her strong, capable face, with a wife like this girl he would at least be shielded and sheltered from the world and never again exposed to the sort of thing he had been going through that afternoon. It seemed good enough.

And there was another thing, and to a man of Cedric's strong republican views it was perhaps the most important of all. Whatever you might say against her, Myrtle Watling was not a member of the gay and heartless aristocracy. No Sussex Booles, no Hants Hilsbury-Hepworths in *her* family. She came of good, solid suburban stock, related on the male side to the Higginsons of Tangerine Road, Wandsworth, and through the female branch connected with the Browns of Bickley, the Perkinses of Peckham, and the Wodgers—the Winchmore Hill Wodgers, not the Ponder's End lot.

"It is my dearest wish," said Cedric in a low, steady voice, "and if somebody will kindly lift this window off my neck and kick this beastly cat or something which keeps clawing my leg, we can all get together and talk it over."

THE END

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"Brussels Flower Market," Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

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—goes a long way to make friends

Brown Bros. photo

Colonel Roosevelt with his granddaughter, Edith Derby.

All *in the* Family

Some Memories of an American Home

By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FAMILY DINING TABLE

"All the little children that
'round the table go."

ONE of the greatest institutions of the civilized world is the family dining table. In literature and fable, writers have dwelt long and lovingly on the hearth. No doubt the hearth is important, but for influence the table has it far outdistanced. To begin with, the hearth is used only in winter when it is cold, while the table takes no account of weather. Then the hearth serves as a point of assembly but once a day, in the evening, while the table is used three times. Last and most important, the hearth holds only fire, while the table holds food.

Even grown people are fond of good things to eat. There is a special feeling of content that comes when sitting down to a good dinner that is only equaled by that glow of general well-being that comes afterward.

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[ALL IN THE FAMILY
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Serenely full, the epicure would say,
" Fate cannot harm me—I have dined today."

My wife is usually of a sweet disposition. Just before a delayed meal she sometimes becomes actually ferocious. Often I have wished to paraphrase the words of the native servant in Kim, and shout, " Bring her her food and stop her ill-omened mouth! "

When my brother and I were in Central Asia living on leathery mutton and unleavened chepattis, we discussed at length just what we would have for dinner when we returned to civilization. Riding over the baking plains we planned long, cold drinks with salads and ices. In the bitter freezing weather in the mountains we thought lovingly of great smoking sides of roast beef.

If such is the case with grown-up men and women, it is doubly so with children. A healthy boy not only enjoys what he eats but has the voracity of a tiger and the wide tolerance of an ostrich. In our family we believe the children have hollow legs, as otherwise it is impossible to explain where they stow the quantities of food they eat.

A generation ago my cousins' family used to have breakfast at 7. My family had breakfast at 8. Both families had old-fashioned American meals: cereal, waffles, corned-beef hash, beefsteak, potatoes. We boys were accustomed during the summer to breakfast regularly at both houses. The half hour in between and the half a mile walk were all that we needed to whet our appetites again.

Theodore Roosevelt's children, about 1900. From left to right: Ethel, now Mrs. Richard Derby; Alice, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth; Quentin, killed in France; Kermit, and Archie. On the floor is Theodore, Jr., the present Colonel Roosevelt.

THE pantry at Sagamore, of course, had to be kept locked, or we would have gorged there continually. Archie, then aged six, was asked by his nurse, who had been calling him repeatedly without getting a response, where he was and what he had been doing. He replied, " In the pantry, watching Sissy-Wissy [Alice] eating! "

Once Kermit and I forced our way into this sanctum sanctorum and purloined a pound tin of guava jelly. We took it to a favorite retreat behind the ice house and there proceeded to eat it all. I cannot remember that we were ever found out, or that we suffered any ill effects —not even a " cherry pain," as we used to call that most common of childhood ills.

A friend of the family once found my brother Quentin in Snowder's, the corner drug store. He was grasping a nickel firmly in a grimy hand and looking longingly at the soda fountain. It so happened that she had been lunching at Sagamore a few days before, and had noticed that Quentin was being kept on a diet.

Divining his thoughts, she said, " Quentin, I would not take a soda. It will make you sick."

" How sick? " said Quentin, turning his eyes solemnly toward her.

" Perhaps sick enough to be sent to bed."

For the space of a minute Quentin revolved this in his mind; then deliberately he walked forward, placed his nickel on the counter, and said, " Chocolate sundae, please."

He had weighed the consequences and decided the pleasure outbalanced them.

We had a delightful Irish nurse called Mame. When she died she had seen five generations of the family. She came to this country in a sailing vessel in the '40s when the voyage took months, not weeks. She had a sister Car, whom we used to visit. Car's cookies were famous. When we called on her and Car wished an uninterrupted gossip with her sister, she used to give us a boxful of these dainties with which we used to stuff ourselves until our clothes nearly burst.

MY children breed true to our omnivorous proclivities. The first evening party they went to, they ate largely of everything from cereal to ice cream and cakes. At 7 they returned home with my wife. She said, " Now, children, say good night to your father and then go to bed." With one voice they wailed, " Mother, aren't we going to have any supper? "

Two of my boys and my daughter are now away at boarding school. The rule of the family is that they may order the first meal they have on their return home. I quote from Teddy's letter:

" DEAR MOTHER: May I please have flaked eggs for the first dinner, with lots of sauce? "

Gracie, who is now at Foxcroft in Virginia, wrote her mother the other day, " Shonk and I swore off desserts and eating between meals on the Bible for two weeks, and so we can't possibly break it. We feel very sad at school feasts, but glad after."

So much for the attractions that draw us to the table. But food is not all that can be got from it. It is a delightful and natural place for the entire family to gather and talk. When guests are with us there is no ban on the conversation of anyone, no matter how small either the individual or the conversation may be, unless the child shows monopolistic tendencies. That hoary and iniquitous proverb, " Children should be seen and not heard," is never invoked unless some youngster, carried away by enthusiasm, drowns out all the others in his flow of narrative.

There are families who make a point of discussing " something worth while " every supper. This I think is a mistake. It smacks too much of the task. Conversation should not be cut-and-dried. We let matters take their normal course. Ask the children what happened in school. The answer will lead generally to football or baseball. There is a lot that can be said on either subject by any normal American. Then come lessons, or the book that someone is reading. If the parents will make the effort there is any amount of opportunity to interest the child in subjects of every kind.

If the little girl is reading Pickwick Papers for the first time, an interested group with whom to laugh over the

vagaries of Sam Weller not only adds to her enjoyment of the book but encourages the younger children to take it up. There is always a chance to turn new lights on some character or incident in history, to suggest some new angle of approach, some new story.

Over twenty years ago we were having one of our first house parties at Sagamore Hill. Around the table were gathered an assortment of little boys and girls. Father knew his own children well and loved all children, but did not entirely understand other children. He wished to be particularly polite and interesting to the small guests.

On his right was sitting a girl in a starched white dress, speechless with awe at having the President of the United States by her. With a smile father turned to her and said, "Are you fond of the Nibelungenlied?"

Overcome with fright, the little girl murmured, "Yes," though she did not know whether he was speaking of a vegetable or a new game.

Father was delighted. He had established a common bond. His troubles were over. He launched at once on a discussion of the characters in that great epic. The girl became more terrified, and soon was hopelessly entangled in a series of contradictions, from which she was only rescued by our chorus, "Father! Don't talk to Isabella about the Nibelungenlied. She does not know it. She is just trying to be polite!"

Quentin Roosevelt, photographed in one of his favorite retreats in the White House grounds.

Theodore Roosevelt in 1891, with his eldest son, the present Colonel Roosevelt, then three years old. At the right, Eleanor Alexander, now Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., at the age of six.

IF table talk is handled properly it has endless possibilities. The children discuss not only what they are doing but the problems they are meeting. "Little Bertie Brown did thus and so at school. What do you think of that?" It gives a chance to preach without being preachy merely by passing on individual cases. Many a time my attitude has been clarified for me by some remark of my father or mother over the dinner table.

It is a good thing to encourage children to talk, there is no doubt about that. The little boy who is sternly sat on when he has something to say gets very little real help from his family. Like all good things, however, encouraging children to talk can be overdone. The Greeks were quite right when they said, "Nothing in excess." A fresh chatterbox of a child is unbearable. Not only that, but a little boy sometimes becomes so enthralled by the sound of his own voice that he neglects to eat. Time and again I have heard my wife announce, "Quentin! Not one more word until you eat your milk toast!—every bit of it!"

Not only will some children talk too much if not checked, but at times when there is company the family is in dread of what some round-eyed youngster may interpolate in a silence.

My brother Quentin had an original turn of mind and a conversational turn as well. If Quentin started to talk when there were strangers at the table, the family with one accord would turn on him: "Quentin! Keep quiet!" We knew only too well that any speculation, simile, or query might be voiced by him.

ONCE my wife's mother was giving a tea. My wife, then four years old, waddled serenely into the room. The guests stopped their conversation and turned to admire her, as is the custom of all guests in similar circumstances. Without preliminary she said, "Mother, do ladies lay eggs?"

After a moment's startled hesitation her mother said, "No, dear, of course not. Nurse, take Miss Eleanor away."

The tea resumed its even tenor. Everything seemed settled. The commotion after my wife's advent had subsided.

Suddenly a buzz of laughter mingled with a queer, clucking noise by the hearth rug. The hostess turned toward it in time to see her daughter rising from where she had been sitting on a large rubber ball. As she caught her mother's eye she said proudly, "There, mother! You see, ladies do lay eggs!"

It is impossible to tell just what odd slant a child's mind may take. Kermit was a very solemn little boy. He was not talkative. As a result, when he said anything it gave the impression of a carefully weighed, accurate statement.

A piece had been broken off one of his teeth by a fall. Mother took him to the dentist. After examining the damage the dentist said, "And now, little boy, how did you break your tooth?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

8,000 Miles Already!

sand, proving tire

HERE THEY COME! This picture was snapped while the Silver Fleet was en route to the Coast. Speedometers now show well over 8,000 miles.

TESTING TIRES—At left is excellent picture of tire tests that are made by the Fleet pilots. Photograph shows pilot checking up on the tread resiliency.

EIGHT THOUSAND miles . . . packed with punishment for tires!

Eight thousand miles . . . through snow and ice, rain and mud, heat and blistering sand . . .

Eight thousand miles . . . yet hardly a mark to show on the 60 sturdy, fighting Goodrich Tires that are carrying the Silver Fleet on its gruelling run across the continent and back!

* * *

New tire history has been written since that snowy day when the 15 cars of the Fleet put New York behind.

In a few short weeks they have faced conditions worse than many a tire encounters in a lifetime.

In 8,000 miles . . . first leg of a journey many times that longer. . . their tires have taken enough gruelling punishment to put many a casing permanently out of the running.

They met and defeated winter at the start. They conquered rain and mud as they rolled south. In Florida they plowed safely through blistering hot sands. In the Gulf States they overcame muddy back roads and humid warmth.

Yet those who saw them cross the 8,000 mile mark as they rolled across Texas found the tires like new!

Treads still sharp, clean cut, deep. Side walls free from any signs of injury. Wear so slight that precision instruments barely showed it.

And in 8,000 miles only three flats . . . nail punctures . . . to mar the perfect record of 60 Goodrich Tires—covering 480,000 tire miles.

With 8,000 miles behind it, the Silver Fleet has just begun its journey. Ahead lie thousands of miles more . . .

Thousands of miles of proof of the downright dollar-value of Silvertown Tires! Thousands of miles of all sorts of roads . . . to show you what stock tires on stock cars can do when those tires are made by Goodrich . . .

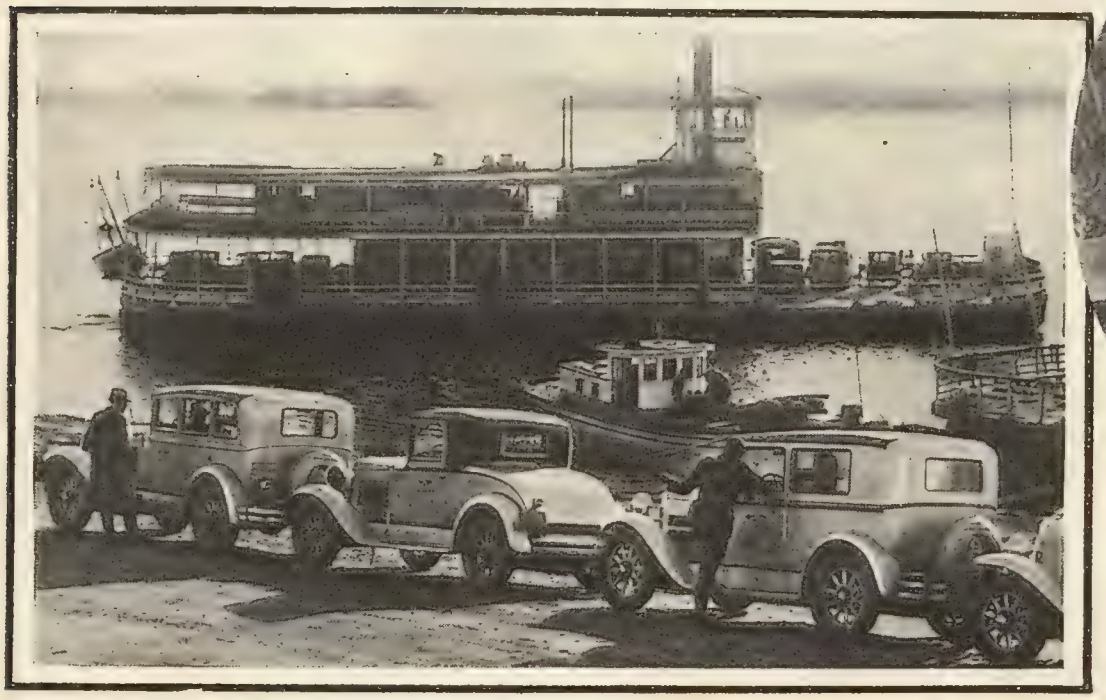
You'll surely be on hand to see the Silver Fleet when it reaches your section. In the meantime, see exact duplicates of its tires at your Goodrich dealer's store.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, established 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, California. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario.

Silver Fleet battles mud and stamina to millions

WATER, TOO! You can see from this picture that the famous Silver Fleet doesn't stop for anything. Here they are, running right through a river in Georgia.

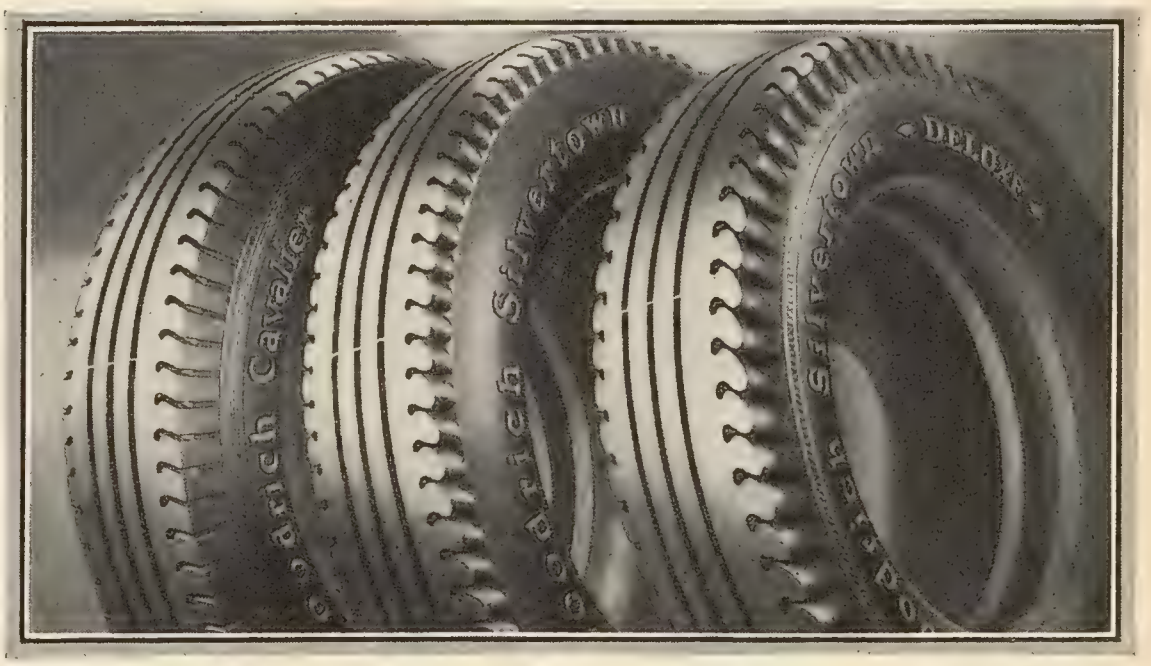
OUT SHE GOES! A little sand can't stop the Silver Fleet. The pilots lend a helping hand.



WOODEN ROAD—How would you like to drive a car over a road like this? Looks difficult . . . but it doesn't bother the Fleet. By this time they're used to the tough going.

CROSSING MISSISSIPPI! Here they are going across the famous Mississippi on this colorful old ferryboat.

THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements (right to left). Silvertown De Luxe for the motorist who demands superlative style and outstanding mileage service. The famous Silvertown—the standard quality tire of the Nation—the choice of millions of car owners. And the Goodrich Cavalier, a new low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers. Ask your local Goodrich dealer to show you these tires. He carries the exact size you need in stock . . . and offers you quick, efficient local service—that's the way to get real value.



Goodrich Silvertowns

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Kermit pondered a moment and then in a deep sepulchral voice said, " I did not break it. Mother hit me and broke it."

There was a shocked pause while the dentist colored to the roots of his hair, embarrassed by this unexpected streak of brutality he had unwittingly discovered in Mother.

Then Mother recovered herself and said, " Oh, Kermit! How can you say that? "

" But, Mother, you did hit me and break it! "

No amount of argument could shake him.

They left the dentist convinced he had stumbled on a hidden example of child-beating in the Roosevelt family.

Perhaps the worst blow that mothers have to suffer is when they endeavor to have an offspring show off before company and something goes wrong. Once at the White House Howard Pyle was lunching with us. Toward the end of the meal Quentin, well scrubbed and cleanly dressed, surged into the room. He gravitated to Mother's chair. One look at his face convinced us older children that there was " something rotten in the state of Denmark." His under lip showed clearly disappointment over some recent dispute—perhaps dealing with soap and water, his finger nails, or his ears. Mother was preoccupied. She did not look at him. Placing her arm about him, she said, " Quentin dear, this is Mr. Pyle, who draws those pictures and writes those stories we all love so."

Photo by Winemiller & Miller

The dining room at Woodside Farm, the home of the present Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

A stony silence was all Quentin vouchsafed, while the table politely paused to listen to a graceful tribute they expected to hear. Mother waited a moment and then said, " Quentin, haven't you anything to say to Mr. Pyle? "

Goaded beyond endurance, Quentin shouted, " Naw! Not to him! "—burst into a flood of tears and left the room.

MY wife, some years ago, came a cropper in much the same fashion. My daughter was attending a dancing class in Washington, to which most of the mothers went to watch their offspring. Eleanor, ostensibly because she wanted her little boys to see Gracie, really because she wanted the mothers to see her little boys, dressed up her three sons in their best clothes and took them to the class. She was so pleased with the effect they had on the mothers that she decided to take them calling with her afterward.

She selected for her first visit an elderly single lady of prominence who has been a family friend for years, largely because there was staying with her another elderly friend of equal prominence. All went well. The boys in blue coats with their pink cheeks and innocent looks were properly admired. But Eleanor made a mistake. Carried away by success, she stayed a little too long. Suddenly noticing that the children's patience was wearing thin with the continued good behavior, she rose to go.

The ladies accompanied her into the hall. There she embarked on dressing the children for the street, aided by the butler.

The hostess endeavored to help. Taking Quentin's sweater in her hand she advanced with it.

" Now put your hands in here, my little man," she said as she held it toward him. " When we were little we called this ' skinning the rabbit,' " she added.

Long hours of dress parade at the dancing school and tea, constant repetitions of " shake hands with Mrs. Blank," had worn Quentin's patience to a thread. This was too much; it snapped. Filled with fury, in a clear, penetrating voice he shouted, " You're a skinned rabbit! "—turned and fled.

But we were at the family dining table. We must not forget its time-honored customs. First in importance among these comes where each member shall sit. Of course the father and mother are at opposite ends. Traditionally, the father's end is supposed to be the head; practically I think this is very often far from the case.

The children are grouped on each side. We always have had the two youngest by their mother. The eldest sit by their father. As the family increases, those by the mother are normally displaced by later arrivals.

THIS of course places a premium on that seat. Father said, however, that it was carrying this too far when he heard Mother remark, " No, Archie, you have been bad. You cannot sit by me. You are to be punished. You must sit by your father."

Of course a good deal of discipline is a normal adjunct of the family meals. My wife says that maybe when Mary of England died " Calais " might have been found engraved on her heart, but that on the heart of the mother of a family would be engraved the word " Don't."

At the table this omnipresent word is frequently in use. " Don't eat so fast." " Don't talk with your mouth full." And a hundred admonitions far too familiar to need repetition here.

Both Father and Mother were good disciplinarians as far as we were concerned. I am sorry to say that when the grandchildren arrived it was very different. To begin with, the ruling as to places was entirely voided. Father was allowed to have the grandchildren sit by him.

It was at this time that we, the older children, noticed this astonishing breakdown in moral fiber on the part of both Father and Mother. They let our children do things they never would have permitted us to do.

Our little Teddy was sitting one morning in a high chair by Father. Now, Father was very fond of coffee and always had a special cup. It was so large it was more in the nature of a bathtub. Mother had given it to him for a present. This particular day Teddy, sitting in his high chair, a bib tied neatly around his neck, was watching with interest his grandfather's coffee being placed on the table. He had a saltspoon in his hand and a saltcellar near by. Remarking in a sepulchral voice, " Put salt in Grandfather's soup," he dumped a whole spoonful into the coffee.

If we had done that when we were little, the least we could have expected was banishment from the table. Was Teddy banished? He was not. Father merely remarked mildly, " Please don't, Teddy. That is not soup, it is coffee," and had another cup brought to the other side where it would be out of the little boy's reach.

At Sagamore there were other matters of debate at the

table besides the places. The bread-and-butter plates we used came from Italy and were the gift of my mother's sister who lived there. They were decorated with swans feeding among rushes.

One of them was unlike the others, having on it near a swan a small golden beetle. Naturally we all wanted that plate. Each of us would try to sneak into the dining room before dinner and change it from where it might be to our place, exclaiming triumphantly and innocently when the rest arrived, "I've got the golden beetle!"

Finally the contest became so keen that Mother ruled the plate must stay where the waitress put it. When we had all grown up, Kermit got Mother in a weak moment to give it to him. He has it at his house now, and is envied of all.

At this time much the same debate goes on in my family as to the dessert plates. They are Chinese, and have a little house on them. In two of these houses a face is looking out of the window, which makes these two plates most desirable. Gracie, who is now seventeen, is still as interested in them as are her small brothers.

Of course we all had our silver mugs, christening presents, which we valued highly. We have never given them up. To this day, and I am forty, I always drink out of my silver christening mug. It has been with me everywhere from San Francisco to Washington.

Father hated large centerpieces. He used to maintain that he had married Mother because he liked to look at her, and he did not see why at table she should be concealed behind a mass of foliage. Once he confided to my wife, "Eleanor, these large table decorations are ridiculous. If we go on a picnic we do not select a bush and then sit around it in a circle to have lunch!"

OF all the good meals during the week, and all meals are good, Sunday lunch is best. Every member of the family can be there and usually is. Also, it is an unwritten law that even those who are stout may eat as much as they want.

Our Sunday lunch starts with thick black bean soup, powdered with grated eggs. This is followed by delicious golden brown corn bread, steaming hot so that the butter melts without spreading. The main course is the best meat in the world, roast beef, flanked by browned potatoes—"potatoes-that-live-in-the-dish-with-the-meat." As a sop to an internal Cerberus, a large dish of spinach is served.

The climax is capped by vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce. The sauce is not a thin affair of light brown color, but thick and black, and it congeals like candy when it runs in rivulets down the snow peaks of the ice cream.

EVEN when Father was President and overwhelmed with work, both he and Mother made a practice of breakfasting with us. That meant an earlier hour for them than would otherwise have been necessary, for we had to go to school.

Breakfast, after all, is one of the most delightful meals of the day. Bacon and eggs on a bright sunny morning when you are fresh bathed and in clean clothes taste better than the most delicate pâté beneath artificial light. Of course a family dinner is difficult to arrange because of the youngest children. It is generally too late for them.

For this reason, if there are no grown guests, we have supper at an early hour, not dinner.

In both generations the table has been treated as a gathering place for the family. There has never been a question of the children being served separately in the nursery. We have always had outsiders staying with us or taking their meals with us, but, except for large formal parties, they have joined as guests of the family, not merely of the grown-ups.

In times of happiness or sorrow, in times of stress or in the everyday occurrences of life, the dinner table plays its part. A building rests on its cornerstone. In much the same fashion a family may be said to depend on its family dinner table.

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will be published in an early issue.

NEXT WEEK

A Remarkable Short Story—

REX BEACH

The

Cat Man

By

Rex Beach

EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, FAGGED OUT, CONSTIPATED

If you want yeast in its purest, tastiest, most convenient form, be sure to ask for Yeast Foam Tablets. Pure dried yeast . . . with nothing added.

You'll like their delicious nutty flavor. Swallow them whole if you wish, although most people chew them like candy.

Ideal for children because, unlike baking yeast, these tablets do not ferment nor cause gas. Give them to children freely.

As to purity, potency and quality, this yeast is recognized as the standard for use in vitamin studies by investigators of the leading universities of the nation and of the U. S. Government.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for indigestion, constipation, skin disorders, rundown conditions. Six tablets in glassine envelopes for 5 cents or the 10-day bottle for 50 cents. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE AIR

Every Thursday 6:30 P.M. Central Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

The Daisy Chain

A Story of Cops, Clues, and a Girl

By

NORMAN S. HALL

"I haven't come to the point where I want to confess that I'm only a cop's daughter."

MEN whose paths of endeavor cross appreciate craftsmanship, even if the law of the land does stand between them. Hence, Captain Michael Cassidy of the Safe and Loft Squad regarded with something akin to respect the operations of a new mob that was walking off with nice, fat, juicy slices of plunder about when and where it pleased.

He knew it was a new mob because he had thrown out the dragnet for certain gentlemen he knew, experts in their line, whom he had given an impartial and thorough sweating. They had swaggered in and swaggered out, every last one of them with alibis as sound as the Federal Reserve Bank. No, this wasn't local talent. Chi, maybe, or even Frisco, but, whoever they were, they knew their stuff.

Only last night they had cracked Minsky's storage vaults for $50,000 worth of furs. Fifty grand! And on the way out, they had drilled Larson, the patrolman on the beat, very prettily and very completely through the skull. That was clever, too. Someone had called the big yap up to the car—a wakeful lodger had seen that—and fired just one shot. Of course, the mullet-head who had seen it hadn't had brains enough to get the car's license number. Cassidy scowled. When the hell would these harness bulls learn to approach suspicious vehicles at 3 o'clock in the morning with their rods in their hands?

He muttered wrathfully into his ample, graying mustache and pushed the Minsky job report from him as the outer office door opened.

"Sergeant Reagan is back," a clerk announced.

The captain snapped large teeth through the end of a cigar, spat the tip expertly into a high cuspidor eight feet away. "Send him in," he directed and, because he had been doing it for thirty years, mentally mapped Reagan as the latter entered.

"Six, one and a half; 195 pounds; eyes, blue; hair, brown; skin, fair; features, regular. Shrapnel scar over left eye—" As though his eyes were upon a reward circular, Cassidy checked off his assistant.

"You'd be an easy guy to pick up, Danny," he rumbled genially by way of greeting.

Reagan grinned. "What'll the charge be, Captain?" he asked. "Mopery?"

Cassidy blew out a lungful of heavy smoke. "I never heard anybody put you down for a mope, Dan," he said.

The sergeant settled in a chair beside the desk. He spoke very seriously as earnest young men embarked on affairs of moment are wont to speak. "Any man who can't get more out of this Minsky job than I got, *is* a mope," he announced.

Cassidy made the high cuspidor again with unerring accuracy. "Not a break, eh?" he queried.

"Not a break," Reagan repeated. "They got in through the repair trap in the bottom of a rear elevator shaft—the place is lousy with burglar wiring except that two by three door—put an oxy torch on the storage vault door, and—that's all. Except sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of stored furs."

"I thought it was only fifty grand," Cassidy blurted.

REAGAN shrugged. "Not according to Minsky's last check—sixty-five thousand is the figure now."

Cassidy's face began to take on the purple of rage. "Do you suppose Minsky—" he began, but Reagan stopped him with a gesture.

"Not a chance," the sergeant declared. "He might burn 'em, if he wasn't in a fireproof building, but he'd never have the guts to steal 'em. Besides, you forget Larson."

"You're right," Cassidy agreed. "It was an outside job. But who the hell is pullin' them? I've had mugs run in here for a sweat until I'm blue in the face and what do I get? Nothin', absolutely nothin'. I tell you, Danny, it's a new mob, a new mob and a damned good one. Why, the commissioner has wore out one tongue and a lower jaw demanding why I ain't got 'em all in the Tombs now. Where do we go from here, lad?"

Reagan flushed with pride. Never before had his chief

Pictures by
G. PATRICK NELSON

put an important job right smack up to him. He turned his eyes through the window for a moment as if seeking solution in the dusk that was filling the street like soft blue smoke. When he turned to Cassidy he was smiling with his mouth, but his eyes were hard.

"Go into a clinch till the bell," he said a little ruefully, "an' try to take 'em in the next round."

"WE'LL both be back on the street carryin' nice, new night sticks if there's many more rounds," Cassidy growled, but a moment later he was chuckling. "Don't cry about it, Danny," he advised. "There'll be other mobs after we round this one up. Get what you can get; and come over for dinner Sunday. It's Molly's invite."

Reagan got up grinning. "I'll be there right after breakfast," he said and took his leave.

Cassidy made a mental reservation to inform Molly that she had invited Reagan to dinner on Sunday. Molly worried him sometimes. Daughters ought to have mothers, but Molly's mother—Mike Cassidy's first, Mike Cassidy's own Molly—had gone on. Not that Baby Molly—she was twenty now—was out of hand or anything like that, but girls ought to have mothers. What the hell did a roughneck captain of detectives know about bringing up girls? How had he brought up Molly? He hadn't. She'd just come along herself, with her mother's ways, her mother's smile, and her mother's trick of doing the right thing because it was the right thing.

He was certain that his own Molly would have approved of Danny Reagan for Baby Molly. Who wouldn't? A sergeant of detectives with a Distinguished Service Cross and a department Medal for Valor at thirty. What else could she want? But, Captain Michael Cassidy reflected, women were women. Thirty years as a detective had taught him *that!*

SUNDAY dinner at the Cassidys' was served promptly at 1 in the afternoon. Three o'clock usually found them still at table. Always there was a second pot of coffee for Cassidy, who let every cup go cold, but drank it with relish nevertheless. And talk, of course. Mostly of police affairs, for nearly all their guests were identified with the enforcing of law and order.

Too much so, Molly thought lately. Sometimes she wished she never again would hear the crudely colorful police argot that passed across her dinner table. And Danny Reagan was as bad as her father. He *liked* being a detective, despite the fact that he could do so well in many another calling. Why couldn't he be a promoter like Larry Cross? True, she wasn't clear as to just what Cross promoted, but, she realized a little tremulously, she liked him increasingly.

She was fond of Dan, too, but—well, differently. Of course, she would always want Dan somewhere near. She realized that as she stole a glance at him sitting opposite her, intent upon her father's words. Good and solid, Dan was. Too good and too solid, she thought, watching him. He wasn't—well, he wasn't romantic like Larry. Larry had dark eyes, eyes that sometimes had wild fires in them. He could say things that didn't mean just what the words said because of the way he uttered them. She never would entirely understand Larry.

But Dan? She smiled at the thought. Dear old Dan, always the same, gentle in a lumbering, bear-like way, all of kindness, a little pathetic in the completeness of his adoration for her. No, there certainly wasn't any mystery about Dan.

Still, she regretted having promised Larry to go riding this afternoon. But it was her father's fault. He should have told her earlier in the week that Dan was coming for dinner. And Dan had no strings on her. Oh, he'd been proposing regularly for two years, but always she had smiled, patted his arm, and said, "Sometime, maybe." No, Dan had no strings on her. Her father had invited him and her father could entertain him. She was going out with Larry. Having worked herself into this frame of mind, she found courage to announce her program.

She got to her feet a little aggressively. "I must change," she said, interrupting their chatter, and, when both had turned their eyes upon her, she continued lamely, "I—I'm going out."

Her father looked his astonishment. "Where?" he asked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Dan scowled at his shoes and said nothing.

"Riding with Larry Cross," she replied.

Cassidy's tilted chair hit the floor with a bang. "Who is this Cross?" he demanded, red about the gills.

She had expected something like this. "He's—he's a very dear friend of mine," she told him, her head high, nostrils aquiver, eyes afire.

"Oh, yeah? Why ain't I met him?" In moments of stress Cassidy's grammar followed the line of least resistance.

But there was Cassidy blood in Molly, too. "Because I haven't come to the point where I want to *confess* that I'm only a *cop's* daughter," she flared, and the emphasis on the two words brought the red to both men's cheeks.

"Why, I'll—" her father began to explode, but Reagan put out a capable hand and forced him back into his chair. Still gripping Cassidy's arm, Dan turned to Molly, who stood, pale, trembling, angrily defiant.

"Wait a minute, honey," he began conciliatingly. "Who is this bird, that meeting a couple of cops is going to dirty him all up?" He strove to put banter into his tone, but the edge of resentment was there, instead, and Molly sensed it.

"He's a promoter," she answered, turning her angry gaze full on Dan.

He laughed shortly. "Well," he said, "he sure has promoted himself with you."

Cassidy, his moment of temper passed, chuckled. That was unfortunate, because you couldn't chuckle at Molly Cassidy's expense and go unscathed.

"Which is more than a cop will ever do!" she blazed, and flounced to her room.

The two men sat in silence, avoiding each other's gaze. Presently they heard her talk with someone over the hall telephone, winced as the door slammed viciously behind her, then, moved by a single impulse, hurried to the front windows in time to see her take her seat in a smart gray and black roadster beside a young man in summer tweeds.

Molly, not knowing which had fired, fainted.

"WHERE to, charming?" Larry asked as they rolled away from the curb.

Molly liked that "charming." It was so typically the way Larry did things.

"Let's drive up the Hudson and over Bear Mountain way," she suggested. "I want a lot of this air and sunshine."

She did want it, too, for air and sunshine soothe a troubled mind. Dad and Dan. She shouldn't have behaved that way, of course, but—she made a face at herself in the windshield—they shouldn't treat her like a child, either.

Out beyond Yonkers, Larry turned the car off the main highway, guiding it slowly through meticulously groomed estates to the wilder, more beautiful farm land still farther from the beaten way. They were idling down a gentle incline when Molly grasped his right arm, exclaiming ecstatically, "Larry! Those daisies! Aren't they gorgeous! Look, just millions of them! Please stop so I can get an armful!"

For half an hour they gathered daisies, Molly pausing occasionally to exclaim extravagantly over the length of petals on this one, or the stem on that one, or the deep, deep yellow in the heart of the other one. They returned to the car where Molly sorted her flowers. While she sat literally buried in them, Larry slipped his arms about her.

"It'll be you and me pretty soon, kid," he whispered.

She had an uneasy sense that he was suggesting more than the words implied, but that was Larry's way. She was aware, too, that it was the first time he had called her "kid." She wished he had not then. Although it wasn't as thrillingly romantic as she had pictured Larry's proposal would be, she relaxed in his embrace ready to yield a kiss, but the wild fire in his eyes that once had seemed so alluring, actually repelled her. He was looking into her, through her, seeing things he had no right to see. She pushed him away gently.

"Not yet, Larry," she said. "I—I can't promise you yet, but—but I won't say no. I mean, I won't say anything. That is— Please let's go back now."

He released her, sighing; a sigh that was all even Molly could have asked for. "All right, pet," he said resignedly and turned the car. They drove over the route she had suggested, stopped at an inn for dinner, and loitered to dance. It was after midnight when they drove up to Molly's home.

FOR the last hour he had seemed nervous, anxious to return. They scarcely spoke as he pushed the fast roadster over the road home. Before she alighted, Molly reached for his right lapel and entwined something in the buttonhole.

"What's that?" he asked, trying to imprison her fingers.

She eluded him. "A daisy chain," she laughed. "I braided it while we were driving this afternoon. Before we stopped for dinner. Wear it, it will bring you luck." She brushed a finger over his lips and hopped out.

"Will it bring me what I want most?" he asked.

"You never can tell," Molly replied and skipped up the steps. She entered the apartment quietly, not to disturb her father who, she believed, would have been long in bed. A few minutes later she sat on her bed, knees under chin, a distractingly alluring huddle of soft silk and soft body.

What to do, now? Larry had asked her to marry him as— Suddenly, despite the warm summer night, her room seemed chill. Had he asked her to marry him? She hid her face in her knees, shamed by the thing this thought had suggested. Of course he had! And yet, every time Dan had proposed there had always been talk of "marry" and "wife" and "home" and— But Larry and Dan were so different. And those eyes of his! *Were* they mysterious or were they just, well, just eyes that clothes couldn't keep out? She wondered, and wondering, slept. It was the last restful slumber she had for many a day. At 8 o'clock someone called her from Bellevue Hospital to inform her in professionally calm tones that her father was there—dead! The third time that maddeningly calm voice repeated the message she believed it, and fainted, slipping quietly to the floor, where the incoming maid found her ten minutes later.

Dan came at noon. But this was not the Danny Reagan who had pleaded so abjectly for her affection. This was a stranger who sat stiffly across the room. A stranger with steel-hard eyes in a rock-hard face who spoke in coldly crisp sentences.

"We don't know what happened, yet," he informed her. "I left here shortly after you did yesterday."

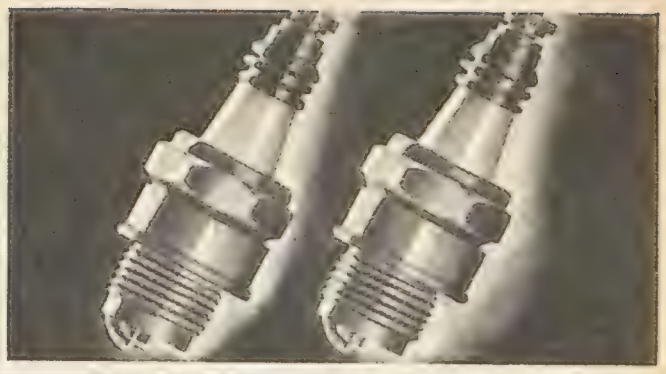
Molly put her face in her hands, weeping convulsively at the recollection of that stormy parting. Dan started from his chair to comfort her, shook himself resolutely, and waited for her to raise her eyes. When her sobs ceased he continued.

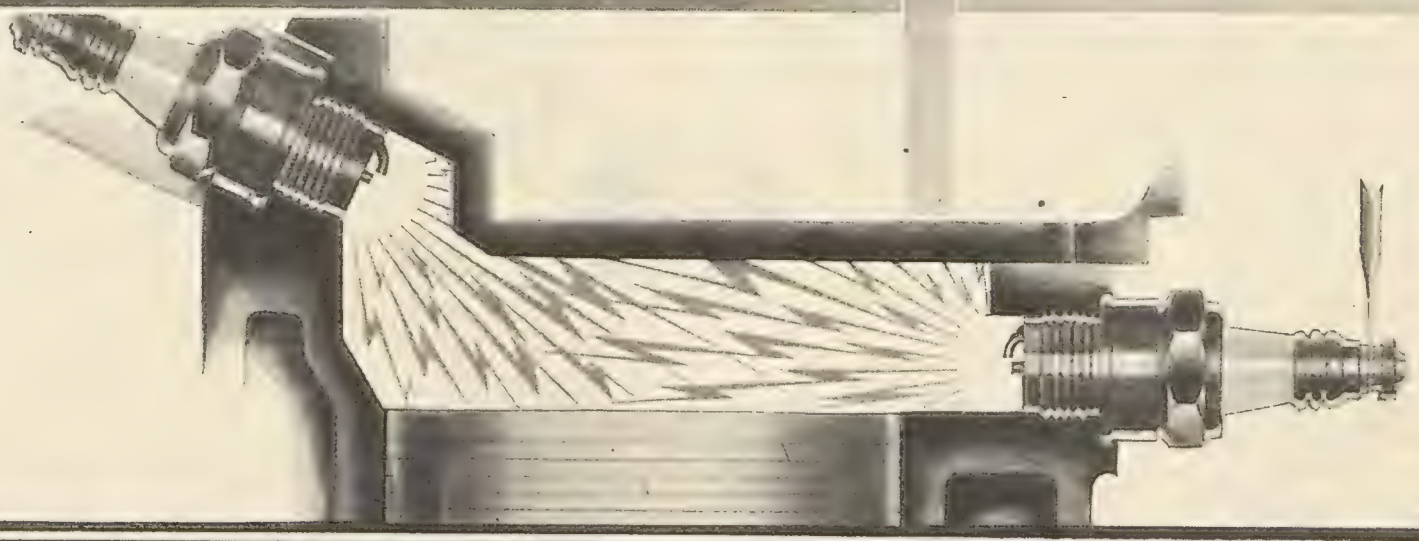
"Not long after I left, Runt Bowles, a stool, came here. That we know, and we know, too, that Runt is on a slab at the morgue with a chest full of soft-nosed .38s. They found him in back of a Tenth Avenue speakeasy this morning.

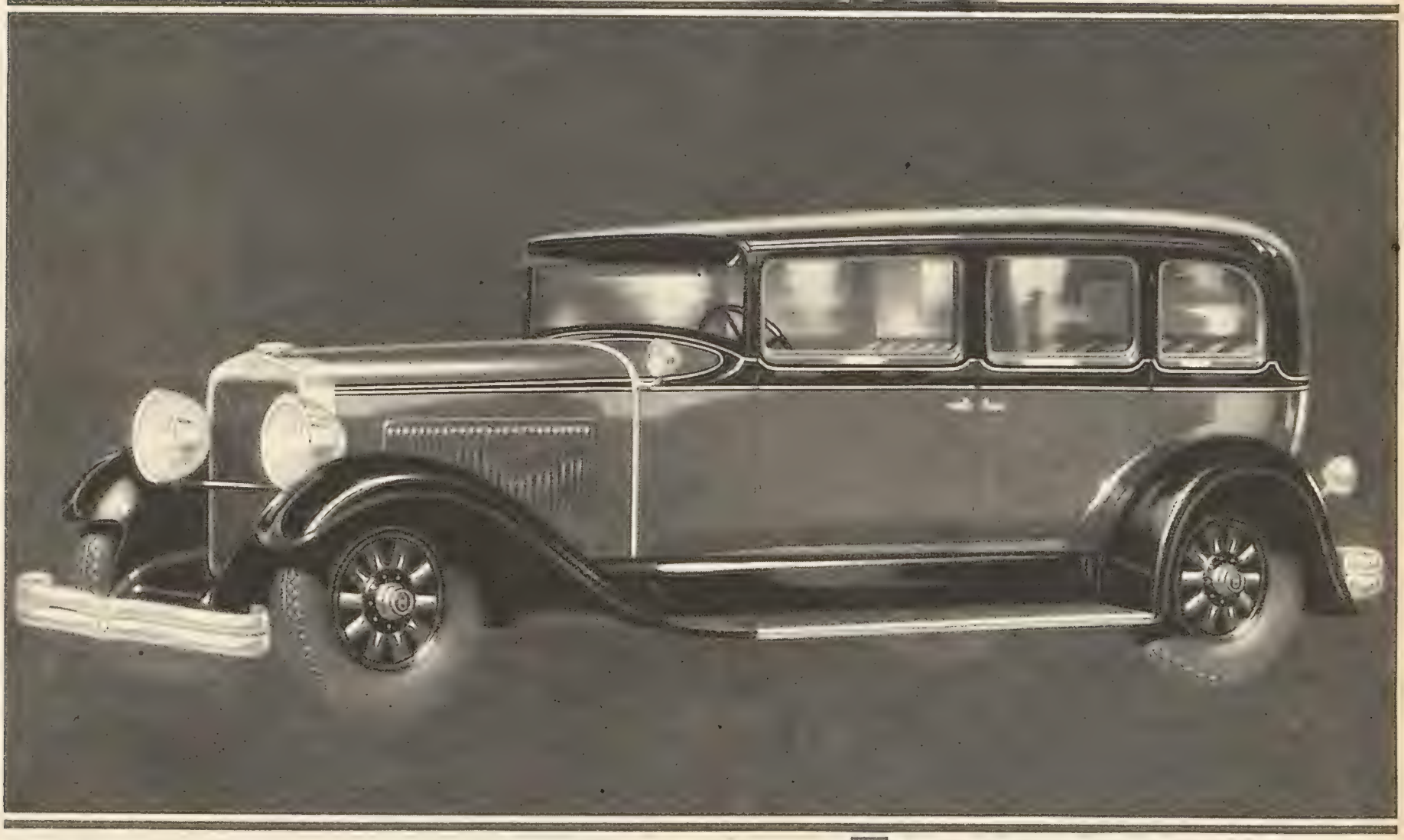
"Sometime after midnight there was a job pulled at the Phœnix bonded warehouse on Front Street—a whisky

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

TWIN-IGNITION WHAT IT DOES!







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[THE DAISY CHAIN
Continued from page thirty-six]

job. Your father was found in a hallway there at daylight. But that's all they did find. He was rushed to Bellevue, but he never regained consciousness. He—he died on the table."

Molly whimpered, but made no attempt to stop him.

"The suspicion is," Reagan went on, "that Bowles tipped your father to this whisky job and your dad hid out in the storehouse. It's an old building—no burglar traps—and he could have eased in in a million ways. He'd have done it that way, too, figuring the watchman would probably be in on the job. They usually are. He never should have gone alone, of course, but I can understand that. In the first place, Mike Cassidy never could remember that he was an executive with a desk who had graduated from the alley-snooping days. In the second, we've had so many phony tips from the Runt—he's a hophead—that he probably didn't put any faith in this one. Rather than stand for a laugh if he ordered out a dozen men and got nothing, he must have decided to check it himself.

"It sounds foolish, I know, but that's the way your father did things." He paused, shot a quick glance at her, and added, "That's why he was the bravest man I ever knew."

Molly, sensing rebuke in this, bowed her head. If only she could have yesterday afternoon to live over again! Reagan reached for his hat and stood up. Molly sat with bowed head.

"I—I'll take care of everything," Dan said awkwardly at the door to the hall. "If you'll have a list of relatives and people and things ready tonight, I'll come over and take care of that, too."

Molly raised her head. No, it wasn't the Dan she knew. This was a stranger with steel-hard eyes in a rock-hard face. And she needed the old Dan so! She spoke quickly.

"Dan," it was a whisper, a husky, broken whisper. "If you—if you can find the man who killed dad, I'll—I'll marry you the moment you say the word."

Before he answered, she realized she had offered herself to a stranger with steel-hard eyes in a rock-hard face, a stranger who didn't want her!

"I don't want you to marry me," Dan said crisply, and went out. His clenched fist driven to her mouth would have hurt less. Yet, she felt no anger. To be angry, one must have spirit, courage, if ever so little, and of these Molly Cassidy had none. The man who had been most of life to her lay in Bellevue, dead. She could not rise to anger.

DAN did come back that evening, but there was no comfort in his returning. Still was he a stranger with steel-hard eyes in a rock-hard face. Despite this aloofness, however, she knew she could not have carried on without him, and was grateful.

When they returned from the funeral, Dan sought her out alone. She swayed toward him because she needed him, increasingly with every fleeting minute. There were others there, but what did they matter? It was Dan, Danny Reagan, who was all of kindness, that she wanted. She almost raised her arms to him. But he merely put forth a hand to grasp her by an elbow, an impersonal businesslike hand such as he would have extended to any woman who required assistance.

For half an hour they gathered daisies.

"I'll be going now," he said. "But I'll always be on tap in case you need me." He paused, then, like a sullen schoolboy, continued, "And you may, even if I am only a cop."

She tried to speak, choked, and put forth a hand to stay his going. But Reagan had gone, and she knew why. He had loved her father; had loved her, too, and only last Sunday she had humiliated them both. And for what? A sleek-haired dispenser of cheap compliments who had not so much as telephoned her for five days. Dan's attitude made her bitter toward everyone, even Larry.

Two weeks passed. Day in, day out, she walked from room to room, striving to keep her gaze from those things that had been particularly precious to her father. She found she could not, for every turn brought her eyes to some object that had been doubly dear to the man whose genial rumbling bass never again would fill the rooms with jovial sound.

LONELINESS, like some evil, unclean old hag, stalked beside her with noiseless tread. She turned to the telephone. She would call Larry. It occurred to her then that she could not. He had given her no telephone number. Always he had communicated with her. Until that dread Sunday he had called daily.

Fourteen days of bitter anguish and bitterer self-reproach. If only she could have that last Sunday to live over again. If only Dan would call. Why hadn't she heard from Larry? Then she did hear from him. He seemed different, somehow, cautious, suspicious. She spoke of her father's death.

"Yeah," said Larry, "I know. Any trace of who did it?"

"None," she answered dully. "Absolutely none. I don't believe they'll ever find him."

"That's too bad," Larry comforted. There seemed to be sympathy in his voice. Why should she imagine a note of mockery? There was a pause, then, "Can I see you?" His voice was confident, soothing again, the voice she liked so well.

"Yes," Molly answered eagerly. "Tonight, if you like, Larry. But let's stay here. I—I don't feel like going out just yet."

A moment while the wire sang emptily. "All right, kid, if you say so."

She wished he wouldn't call her "kid." She didn't like it. Besides, it didn't suit the Larry who had dark eyes with mysterious fires in them. She hung up, heartened, encouraged.

The afternoon didn't drag its hours over her like a chain with heavy links. She even considered rearranging the rooms. It would be good to see Larry. If Dan had—Why should she think of Dan whenever Larry came to mind? Surely, Dan had walked away from her for the last time. And yet—

She answered the summons of the bell. It was Dan. Dan with a suit case containing her father's personal effects from the office. A different Dan. This one no longer had steel-hard eyes in a rock-hard face. These eyes were soft as baby's eyes. Tired eyes. Sad eyes. She realized that whatever had made them hard was gone, gone forever, and, womanlike, she seized the advantage

they offered by putting into her own the hardness his once had held.

"You may put them there on the dining-room table," she said when he told her what he had brought. She could be hard now. Larry had called her. Larry was coming tonight to comfort her.

Reagan began checking the contents. A cracked dress belt, remnant of older days. Cassidy's Colt in a worn, shiny holster. A yellowed letter from a dead commissioner, beginning, "It is an honor to—" A gold badge, Michael Cassidy's old sergeant's badge. Molly picked it up, passed trembling fingers across its surface. Reagan, sensing her desire to speak, waited, his hands hanging listlessly over the edge of the suit case.

"He was a better detective than you'll ever be, Daniel Reagan," she said stonily and, as the words fell from her lips, hoped he would strike her. Why should she want to hurt Dan? Dan was right. She had been a little beast, was behaving like one now.

"He was," Reagan corroborated evenly.

His very willingness to agree spurred the evil impulse to wound him she had regretted before he spoke.

"If—if it had been the other way round, my father would have had the man who shot you in the Tombs by now," she declared and dared to look at him. She expected anger, accusation, anything but to see those hurt, baby-soft eyes remain hurt and baby-soft. She realized then the unfathomable depth of her love for him! She had always loved Dan Reagan! It had been fun to tease him, that was all, and now that he was lost to her forever, she knew she loved him! She lowered her eyes to hide the tears.

"Perhaps you're right," Dan said in those even tones. "We may be the dumbest cops in the world, but if you'll tell me how in the name of God you can trace a murderer with these as the only clues, I'll get the job turned over to you."

FROM an envelope he took two objects which Molly stared at uncomprehendingly. Then she identified them. One was a torn piece of light tweed, apparent even to her woman's eyes, as the fragment of a man's coat. The other was the crumpled, withered remnants of a daisy chain. But what of that? What had a torn piece of tweed and a daisy chain to do with her father's murder?

"I—I don't understand," she said.

"They were clutched in your father's right hand when they found him in that storehouse," Reagan explained. "Apparently he tried to grapple with the gun who shot him, but all he could do was grab the guy's coat. Your father was a heavy man. As he fell he must have ripped away this piece of lapel with the daisies in the buttonhole. A fine ornament for a whisky-stealing torpedo! A daisy chain! Why, with these clues, only luck will ever turn up the rat that shot your father!"

Daisy chain? Luck? Luck? Daisy chain? Molly frowned. Why should those words stir some half forgotten memory? Why was there something vaguely familiar about that torn fragment of cloth? A daisy chain. Daisies. The first real daisies she had seen in years, outside of window boxes, were those she and Larry had picked the Sunday— The daisy chain! Her fingers at his lapel, her voice whispering, "Wear it, it will bring you luck." Larry in a tweed suit, *and the pattern of that torn bit in Dan's hand was the pattern of Larry's—*

"Oh," she whimpered, her eyes wide with horror, "it can't be. It mustn't be!"

"What mustn't be?" demanded Reagan, perplexed.

She looked up at him, her face a tortured mask.

"Oh, Dan," she wailed. "I made that daisy chain and put it in that lapel not more than a dozen hours before my father was killed!"

"You're crazy!" he snapped, circling the table to her side. Hysteria, Dan thought. No wonder, poor kid. He put his arms about her and she crept close to him.

"No. No, I'm not," she insisted. "That Sunday with Larry—the Sunday that dad was—"

HE didn't hear the end. Larry? Who the hell was Larry? Then he remembered. Larry Cross, promoter, gray and black roadster, tweed suit. But it was impossible! Still—

"Listen!" he commanded. "Listen to me. What does this Larry look like? Here, wait a second." He brought a handful of papers from an inner pocket, selected one, spread it on the table before her. "Is this the guy?" he demanded.

Reluctantly, Molly regarded the circular. A little cry escaped her. It was Larry, no mistaking that! The type swam before her eyes. She saw that the circular was from Chicago, that it described one Pete DiGrosso, racketeer and mobsman, wanted in connection with the machine-gunning of a state official. She had never heard of Pete DiGrosso, but the eyes that stared back at her from Pete DiGrosso's picture were the darkly mysterious eyes of Larry Cross!

She turned the circular over, as though afraid of the pictured face. "Yes," she said, her voice scarce audible, "that's Larry."

Ten minutes later Dan Reagan was in possession of every fact Molly had concerning Larry Cross, from their casual meeting at a dance to his telephone call early that afternoon.

"He's the guy," Dan said when she had concluded. "I can't figure out whether he was playing you because you were Mike Cassidy's daughter, or not, but I'll know before long. I didn't get this"—tapping the reward circular—"until less than a week ago, and, of course, there wasn't a reason in the world to tie

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE DAISY CHAIN
Continued from page thirty-nine]

up this guy DiGrosso with your father's—your father."

"But, Dan, what will we do?" Utter helplessness wailed in Molly's voice.

"What I tell you to do," Dan said authoritatively. "When he comes, bring him in here to the dining room, then spring—"

"Danny, oh, Danny, I can't! I can't!" Molly sobbed. "I can't ever face that man again."

Reagan lifted her from the chair into which she had slumped. "You got to, honey," he said. "You *got* to! As it is, we haven't got a thing that would make a jury do anything but laugh at us. I can pinch him on that circular, of course, but Chicago will get him away from us.

"It's up to you to pin your dad's shooting on him while I stall in the living room as a witness. *Then* I'll get him! But you've got to do it, Molly. *You've* got to, sweet!" He held her away from him so he could keep his eyes upon hers. "I love you, Molly girl," he continued, his voice low, musical. "Love you more than life, just like your dad loved you. Won't you go through with it for two men who have loved you that much?"

She gave a throaty cry that was joy, relief, and a dead hope revived, as she clasped the big bulk of him to her, kissed his eyes, his forehead; wet his cheeks with a rain of hot tears, and hugged him again. Dan, her Danny, Big Dan who was all of kindness, loved her more than life itself! What was there to fear, now? How could Mike Cassidy's daughter, loved by Dan Reagan, fear anything?

"What do you want me to do, Dan?" she asked, and Reagan stifled a sigh of relief at the calmness of her voice.

Twice he repeated the details slowly, carefully. "Got it now?" he asked, and the voice was that of a detective sergeant, not a sweetheart.

"Yes, Dan," she said gravely.

"And remember," he emphasized, "if he *does* grab you, don't fight! For the love of God, Molly, don't fight, because I might drill you!" His face was ashen at the thought.

"All right, Dan," she assured him and he knew she would not fail.

He called up Headquarters, talked with Captain Barnes, Cassidy's successor. "No, Chief, no," Dan urged. "This is a smart egg. If you gang up, here in the apartment, he'll smell it and get away. Let me handle it alone here, please. I won't need you except to drag out the body. What? Yes, sir, I'm sure. That's right, about eight. O. K., Chief."

Within fifteen minutes, men, sauntering alone or in pairs, had taken up positions that covered every possible exit from Molly's apartment house. Reagan might have gone crazy. It sure looked it, to claim he would corner Cassidy's killer in Cassidy's own house. But, even if Dan Reagan was goofy, they'd see him through. Mike Cassidy had been more than a fellow policeman. He had been a pal, a friend. Yes, they'd see Reagan through.

FOR an hour Dan had remained within the gloom of the living room, talking with Molly in whispers. Cross had said he would come at 8. A little after that hour Reagan, from a living-room window, saw the black and gray roadster draw up to the curb. Grimly he watched a dapper figure step jauntily to the sidewalk and enter the building. Jaunty? Why not? Who under heaven would look for him here?

"He's here, Molly," Dan whispered hoarsely. "Steady, now. Remember what I told you. And—don't get between him and me!"

A bell tinkled. Molly, pale but, to outward appearances, calm, went to the hall door that opened upon a foyer serving the other apartments on that floor. Reagan crouched behind a strategically placed table that would shield him from the view of anyone in the dining room, but from where he could command it. They had aired the house for cigarette smoke; carefully checked the objects in the room, lest some forgotten triviality betray Reagan's presence. As the drone of voices in the hall drifted to him, he carefully cocked his revolver. The split-second delay of the double-action device might cost him his life. He stiffened as the dining-room door opened and closed.

"Do you mind sitting in here a minute?" It was Molly's voice. They hadn't stepped into his range of vision yet. "I was just finishing a bite of late dinner and haven't had my coffee." She stepped forward, indicating a tray upon which stood percolator, cups, saucers, and the usual appointments. "Will you have a cup?"

As she spoke, she indicated a chair that would place Cross with his face squarely toward the darkened living room.

"Don't mind if I do," Larry accepted, seating himself. Reagan studied his face and elation quickened the detective's pulse. This bird might be Larry Cross in New York, but in Chicago he was Pete DiGrosso!

They talked commonplaces while Molly prepared the coffee. She set the cup before him and, as he raised it to his lips, plucked the torn piece of tweed and the remnant of daisy chain from her bodice and tossed them to the table before him.

"WHERE did you lose those, Larry?" she asked, stepping back a pace.

Even Molly was thrilled by the mobster's nerve. Nothing happened, that is, nothing perceptible. A gray film spread down over his eyes, that was all. Slowly, steadily, he replaced the cup in its saucer. Just as slowly, steadily, his right hand went in under his left arm and came out holding an automatic. He didn't point it at her, just held it flat on the table.

"What is it, kid," he asked softly; "a frame?" For a fleeting instant the veil lifted and eyes murderous, not mysterious, probed the room, looked directly in at Reagan. Then the veil came down again.

Molly smiled. Dan had told her that this would be the time to smile. "No," she said, "if I'd wanted to frame you, I could have done it weeks ago. My father had your face around with him for a month. I knew they wanted you in Chicago. But I liked you, and"—was it a sob or a laugh that caught in her throat?—"I didn't get along so well with the old man. He tried to play cop with me, too."

She paused, poured herself a cup of coffee, and indicated the cup before Cross with a gesture. "You're not being poisoned," she said. "Go on and drink it."

Without taking his eyes from her, he drank.

"I was ready to jump with you that Sunday," Molly went on, "but you didn't urge enough. A girl likes to be urged, Larry."

He smiled. A self-satisfied smile. "I don't urge 'em, baby," he said. "They either come or they don't come. But say, you're the cream, kid. Why, I never even knew you were this Cassidy's daughter until I read the papers the next day." Again that film was lifted while a clock could tick, and lowered again.

"At that," he continued deprecatingly, "I'm sorry it happened."

"Oh-h-h-h!" Molly cried, cringing away from him, and in that one stricken exclamation, DiGrosso knew he *had* been framed! He swept the automatic in the arc of a circle to bring it to bear on Molly, but a bullet from Reagan's gun smashed his hand. Molly, not knowing which had fired, fainted.

DiGrosso, who had jumped from his chair, shrank against the wall, dully regarding the automatic at his feet.

Less than a minute he stood there, but in that meager period Dan Reagan thought of many things. He thought of all that frequently intervenes to keep a man like DiGrosso from wearing the copper hat at Sing Sing. He thought of Mike Cassidy, lying in a warehouse hallway, clutching a torn coat lapel and a daisy chain. He thought of the utter folly of permitting Molly Cassidy to undergo one more instant of anguish and horror because of DiGrosso's presence on earth.

Then, Dan Reagan raised his revolver and put his second bullet squarely between the eyes of Pete DiGrosso, alias Larry Cross.

THE END

Mary, Quite Contrary

The Things She Does to the Plot of Coquette!

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

MARY PICKFORD gives such a striking performance as the tragic southern heroine of Coquette that her lack of film courage becomes doubly regrettable. I refer to the way America's Sweetheart has distorted the simple plot.

On Broadway Coquette was a remarkably moving stage play of a little southern belle who lost her heart to a no-account boy of the neighborhood. When her father discovered the affair, he shot and killed the boy. As the hour for the trial moved around, the coquette found herself well along toward motherhood. To save her father from the gallows and herself from disgrace, the little butterfly committed suicide.

In Hollywood, Coquette turns out a little differently. The Dixie belle goes to the boy's cabin. The visit is wholly innocent, but gossip comes to her father's ears. He kills the boy and later, on trial, shoots himself in court. He realizes that he has destroyed a real love and he faces his fate, he tells the startled court, as a southern gentleman.

I leave it to you which of these two versions is the more effective. One is a genuine and authentic tragedy. The other is a sham version, tempered for a timid star who is afraid to play anything but virtue rampant.

This cringing at life is doubly regrettable because of Mary Pickford's first speaking performance in the films. She has two moments that top anything done in the soundies. One comes when she seeks shelter in the arms of her old Negro mammy. The other follows her lover's death. I guarantee that these will not leave you dry-eyed.

One word of praise for Johnny Mack Brown. His accent is right—and so is his performance.

★ ★ ★

Turn to Norma Shearer's newest starring film, Metro-Goldwyn's The Trial of Mary Dugan. This stands at the opposite talkie extreme from Mary Pickford's Coquette. The Trial of Mary Dugan is a literal scene-by-scene transcription of Bayard Veiller's Broadway hit.

The grown-up and bobbed Miss Pickford as she appears in her first audible.

Norma Shearer and Lewis Stone in the scene-by-scene film reproduction of the stage hit, The Trial of Mary Dugan.

This play was the story—told entirely in courtroom trial action—of a Follies beauty facing the bar of justice on the charge of murdering her sugar daddy. Defended by her young brother, who had been educated through her ill-gotten gold-digging profits, she is face to face with the electric chair.

On the screen, the plot remains the story of a slightly soiled Magdalen of the chorus on trial for knifing her protector. Nothing is changed. The story is told from the witness box in dialogue, rather than in the usual revealing and lengthy flashbacks.

One reason why the play came intact through the movie mill lay in the selection of the director. The man was Bayard Veiller himself, and you can't blame him for treating his own work—a $400,000 footlight success—with loving care. The film becomes an expertly photographed stage drama. It is highly effective, but it isn't a motion picture.

Miss Shearer is excellent as Mary Dugan, but the surprise is a newcomer, a twenty-five-year-old stage player named Raymond Hackett, who movietones her brother.

★ ★

You will like Charles Rogers better than ever in the Paramount all-talkie, Close Harmony. This is a slender but amusing comedy of a lad who wants to be a vaudeville headliner, of his love for a pretty variety favorite, and what came of it all. Little Nancy Carroll is the girl. Buddy really sings.

Do you know that—

Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are planning a joint production for their next effort, but it will not be The Taming of the Shrew, as reported? . . . Camilla Horn is going back to Germany?

The Red Napoleon

A Reporter's Story of the War of the Races (1933-1936)

By Floyd Gibbons

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

MR. GIBBONS' story is mainly another Now It Can Be Told, about a second World War, begun on New Year's Day, 1933, by Karakhan of Kazan as military dictator of Soviet Russia. Whatever his political professions at the outset, this Red Napoleon was simply a yellow man warring against white superiority. There is evidence that he intended to make himself world emperor.

To terrorize unfriendly peoples in advance being part of his design, he attached Mr. Gibbons, on parole, to his headquarters, and permitted him to see and report the full horror of the Red conquest of Europe.

As the story reaches the present installment, that conquest is complete. Karakhan is master of the eastern hemisphere. His Russian and Oriental hordes have crushed Italy; Germany has joined him; he has defeated the French, English, and Belgians, and occupied Paris and London. Great Britain has entered his Red Union—and her navy is his. Australia has been wiped out by the now Red Japanese, who have also seized the liberated Philippines.

Mr. Gibbons has an amiable censor in Colonel Boyar of Karakhan's staff, and has invaluable assistants in Speed Binney, a young Yankee air pilot, and Margot Denison, a beautiful and spirited English secretary. Margot is in a hazardous position, as she is harboring Karakhan's wife, formerly Lin Larkin of New York, a soap-box radical. Karakhan now despises Lin and has forbidden her to accompany him to the front, but in her devotion she has disobeyed him.

This installment finds them all in London, in midsummer of 1933, convinced that Karakhan's next move will be against the United States.

Part Six

Karakhan Challenges America

"KARAKHAN ASKS U. S. JOIN REDS."

This was the screaming front-page headline carried by dozens of American newspapers over the first official statement outlining the invitation of the Pan-Eurasian Union of Socialist Soviet Republics to the United States and the nations of South and Central America.

I read it first in London where the late editions of the London press of August 25, 1933, reproduced it by telephoto across their own front pages.

The papers reached my desk in the Tribune bureau on Fleet Street, as Speed Binney and Margot Denison and myself were listening to the loudspeaker tuned in on WEAF, New York. Across the thousands of miles of ocean came the familiar voice of my friend, David Lawrence, the political announcer.

"Excitement in the capital this morning is tenser, more vibrant than I have witnessed since the days in April, 1917, when America entered the World War.

"Crowds in front of the Washington Post building are packed across Pennsylvania Avenue to the walls of the District building. At Seventeenth and C streets, thousa are standing in front of the white marble palace of Pan-American Union, although the special meeting of the P American Union delegates, called by the President of United States, ended at midnight.

"Dr. L. S. Rowe, director of the Union, described for me assembly of the Union delegates. Each of the twenty- American republics comprising the membership was rep sented by its ambassador or minister, except Nicaragua, wh minister is now in his own country assisting in the suppress of a revolution.

"Secretary of State Conger Reynolds opened the meeting deploring the fact that this was the first time since the orga zation of the Union in 1889 that any major political probl had been presented for consideration.

"But he expressed the belief that the proposal which governments of the western hemisphere had before th demanded the united consideration, if not the united acti of all the member nations.

"Secretary Reynolds then stated the position of the Un

FINAL EDITION

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN AMERICA

Vol. 14, No. 210 60 Pages New York, Friday, August 25, 1933. 2 Cents

ASKS U. S. TO JOIN REDS

Story on Page 2

The front page of the New York Daily News of August 25, 1933, showing Karakhan dictating a statement to Mr. Gibbons, who stands at the right, notebook in hand.

Trafalgar Square, London, two minutes before Vicenzo's attempt upon Karakhan's life. A meeting was being held, and as the conqueror's automobile passed through, Vicenzo hurled the bomb from a window of the building at the left.

tes with regard to Karakhan's invitation that this country the Red Union. The government of the United States pectfully declined.

This statement was followed by a three-hour discussion, ulting in the agreement of all delegates to await instructions n their respective countries.

In spite of the cold and rain of last night, large crowds ounded the Pan-American building when the motor cars he diplomats left the conference.

America's reaction to Karakhan's proposal is best reflected he cartoons carried by this morning's Washington news- ers, which depict the Red Napoleon as a gruesome, leering, l figure with dripping, blood-red hands extended across Atlantic to Uncle Sam and the symbolic figures of the other erican nations.

he general editorial tone of the American press is one of denunciation of yellow domination of the white race. The Service has once more raised the fear of the 'yellow peril.'" ile Karakhan's proposal was repugnant to the political, economic, social, and racial ideals of America and generally denounced as such, later editions of the London press that day reported the Red invitation had received consideration in some American quarters.

Lin Karakhan, the American wife of the Red Napoleon, pointed this out that night as all of us dined at the Savoy Hotel, where she and Margot occupied a large suite adjoining the apartments of Speed Binney and myself.

The cable dispatches from New York related that there had been a serious riot in Union Square, where supporters of William Z. Foster, Benjamin Gitlow, and other American communists attempted to make soap-box orations advocating American membership in the Red Union. Disorder immediately started, resulting in two women garment workers being trampled to death and the deaths of four men from blows. One policeman was killed by a knife thrust in the back. The emergency wards at Bellevue and other near-by hospitals were filled with minor casualties.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

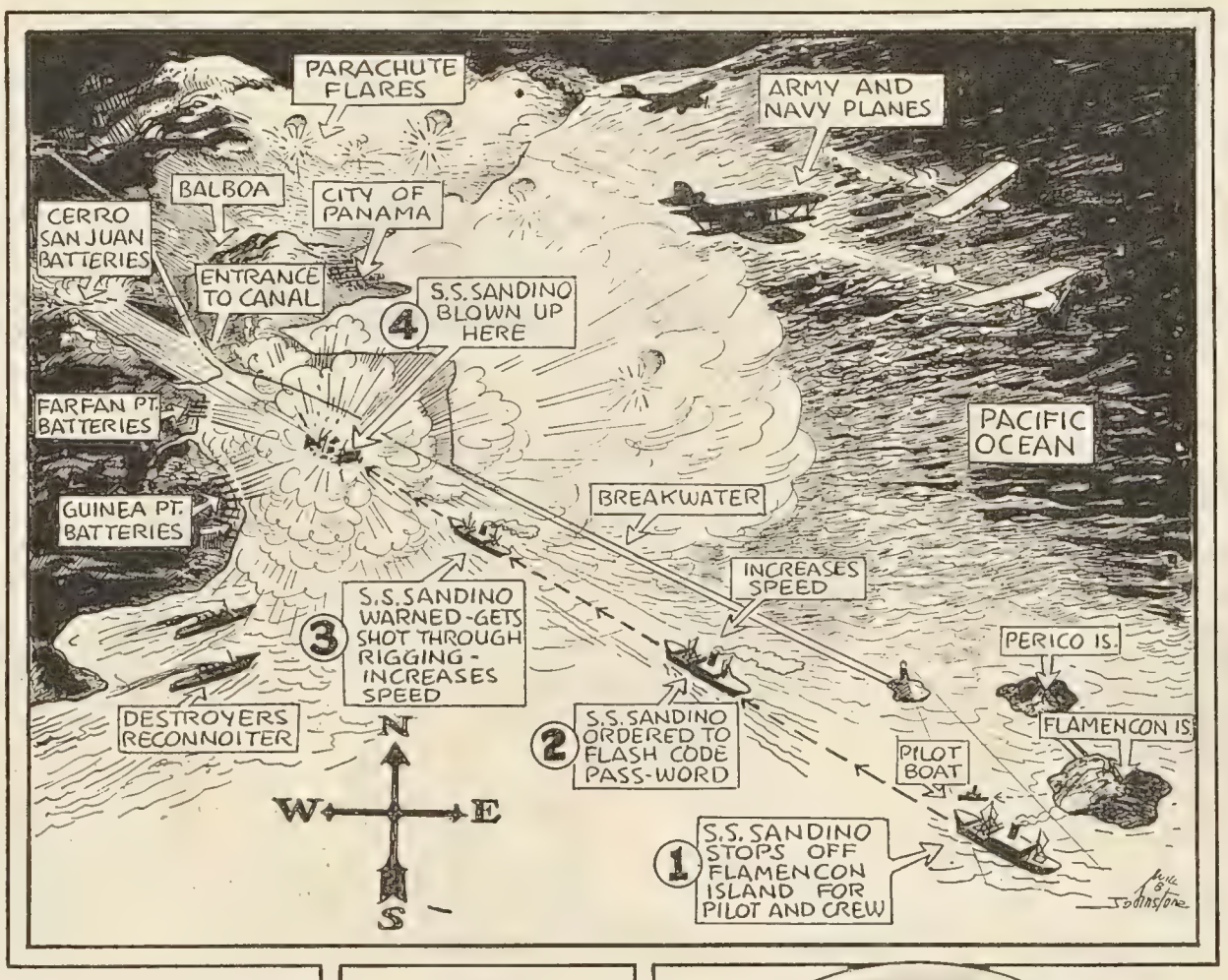
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

"Is it hopeful, or is it futile?" observed Lin reminiscently.

I thought I knew what was going on behind her pensive, sorrowing eyes. Union Square was the scene of her old days of radicalism and agitation, only twelve years before. The interim might have been a century for the changes it had wrought in that fiery spirit, whose sole interest now was in her children and their father.

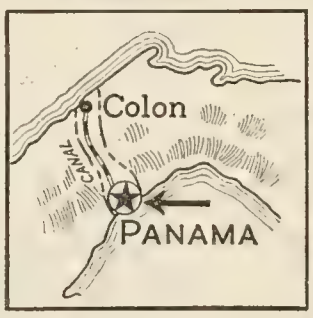
Washington's refusal had been expected in London, but the unanimity with which the other member nations of the Pan-American Union took the same course was a surprise. Pan-American unity was a show of strength.

I saw Karakhan the day the answers arrived. Our long coöperation in the field throughout his fearsome sweep across Europe, had developed an odd familiarity which, nevertheless, was not without respect. The eyes peering from the tense yellow face studied mine. It was difficult for me to realize that this tall, thin, nerveless man just thirty-three years old, had in less than one year placed all of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia under his dictatorship. Out of a world population of approximately two billion people, more than three-fourths were under his domination. The conquests of Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Philip, Napoleon had sunk into obscurity.



Picture by Will B. Johnstone

A diagram of the attempt, on Nov. 29, 1933, to blow up and block the Panama Canal, by means of the freighter Sandino with a cargo of T. N. T. When she disregarded signals she was shelled, and the explosion followed, outside the entrance of the canal, near the city of Panama.



The Sandino in the canal on her last lawful trip.

"I asked him if America's refusal had surprised him.

"No. It is just as I expected, and fits in exactly with my plans."

Entirely opposite was the bitter attitude of the entire press throughout communistic Europe, Asia, and Africa. The Red Union Press Service assembled a startling symposium of editorial opinions. The important ones follow:

"We of the Old World held out the hand of peace and comradeship to the working millions of America—only to have our offer hurled back in our faces by the mad money barons and slave drivers of the western hemisphere."—L'Humanité of Paris.

"The economic forces of 1,500,000,000 workers of Europe, Asia, and Africa will be sufficient to answer the impudent responses of American capitalism. The organized industrial production of primary materials, with domestic commerce, communications, and international transportation, cannot be ignored."—Berlin Vorwarts.

"Nicolai Lenin's body lies honored in Moscow, but his spirit goes marching on. America cannot stop it."—Izvestia of Moscow.

"The dollar deities, in their California feudal estates, blind themselves to the approaching day when the sunny slopes and fertile valleys of the Sierra Madres will be the homes of now landless millions."—Jiji Shimpo of Tokio.

"American obstinacy gives stimulation to the struggling, pent-up, crowded masses of Europe and Asia to expand—to tear down the walls of greed and selfishness, and partake of the bounties and spaciousness of the world. It is the right of humanity."—Il Avanti of Milan.

THE tone of the London Daily Herald in contradiction to its communistic policy, was openly jingoistic:

"The world is sickened of Yankee arrogance. That arrogance is due for a terrific fall.

"The Red navy is overwhelmingly the greatest navy in the world. The Red air fleet is superior by far to the combined air forces of the western hemisphere. The Red army stretches around the world and is the most powerful organization that ever bore arms.

"Karakhan, our Little Uncle, is the greatest military leader and organizing genius the world has ever seen.

"Today the sun never sets on the Red flag.

"These are truths worthy of deepest consideration in 'God's country'—the dollar being God."

"It all amounts to a paper bombardment," Margot observed. "All these newspapers are propaganda organs under the direction of the Red Union Press control. They print what Karakhan directs. I do not believe these opinions reflect the feelings of the people."

"Maybe the mass doesn't think that way now," Speed contributed, "but it soon will. Today's gobs of mud are only the beginning of an anti-American publicity campaign. We'll be as popular as the seven-year itch in seven days. Why don't you change citizenship, Margot, and become a good Yank—be one of us?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SIX]

EAT TASTYEAST DAILY

to promote better health

FEEL RUN DOWN and all tired out before the day's half through? There's something wrong with your diet.

YOU ARE BEING STARVED for vitamins, say famous doctors here and abroad. Tastyeast is what you need. It is rich in the health-giving Vitamin B.

TAKE TASTYEAST REGULARLY and watch your health improve. You'll feel better and you'll work better, too. Good health leads to the top of the business ladder. You'll be worth more, and the difference will show in your pay check.

Tastyeast supplies the health-giving Vitamin B our daily diet fails to provide

IF you feel tired and "draggy," not sick . . . yet not quite well, your diet is at fault.

Our daily diet just doesn't provide enough vitamins. We are actually *starved* for them! Then our system gets run down. More serious ills often follow.

Just eating more food won't help us. Famous doctors both here and abroad now agree that we need *some special food* to balance our diets . . . to give us enough of the essential Vitamin B.

Now, thanks to Tastyeast, an amazing new food discovery, you can get the Vitamin B your daily diet fails to provide. And you can get it in a very easy and pleasant way. Only three ounces of Tastyeast will give it to you.

Rich in Vitamin B

Tastyeast is not in any sense a medicine. It is just a pure health food, rich in the health-giving Vitamin B. Rich, too, in bone-building mineral elements. Doctors say it is an ideal food for children and grown folks as well. It only costs 5¢ a bar, a very small price to pay for health.

The man who wrote this advertisement is a real Tastyeast fan himself. He eats it every day; and new health, new vigor, has been his reward.

If you, too, want to enjoy perfect health *all* the time, just make Tastyeast a regular part of your daily diet. Eat it regularly, faithfully and you too will say that Tastyeast is a real health-builder.

Stop at your neighborhood store today and get a box of Tastyeast. Eat one bar, an hour or so after every single meal. Do this for eight days. Even in this short time you'll begin to notice an improvement in your general health.

Clip coupon for pencil

Be sure to save the wrappers from the 24 bars of Tastyeast.* Send them to us with the coupon below. We will send you one genuine Eversharp Pencil free, as a reward for giving Tastyeast a fair trial. Only one pencil will be given to each customer.

*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious, wholesome 5-cent candy bar . . . the nutty nougat caramel treat . . . made by the makers of Tastyeast.

Green Bros. Co.
33 Essex St.
Springfield, Mass.

I enclose 24 Tastyeast wrappers. Please send me a genuine Eversharp Pencil, free.

Name_____

City_____ State_____

L-4

Picture by B. J. Rosenmeyer

An artist's impression of the rioting in Union Square, New York City, on August 25, 1933, after communist orators had advocated acceptance of Karakhan's invitation to the United States to join the Red Union.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page forty-four]

Speed was right. By press and radio the campaign started immediately. When I met Whit Dodge several days later he expressed his alarm.

"The hate-makers are at work," he said. "I have just written a symposium on the abuse we now receive from all sides. Russian Reds are being reminded that American millions backed Denikin, Wrangel, and Kolchak against Lenin and Trotzky. They are reminded of the American army that fought Red Russia south of Archangel, and the American expeditionary force in Siberia in 1918-19.

"In Berlin they are howling against the 'Yankee double cross' in Wilson's famous fourteen points, as well as the exactions of the Dawes plan.

"The French communists have reopened the painful subject of the money France owes America.

"Milan, Rome, and Naples have resuscitated the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and are howling about the atrocities of Ellis Island.

"Throughout Africa the Negroes are being told that lynching is our national sport.

"Clippings from Asia show that the crowded millions of Japan and China are being reminded daily that the United States government has characterized all people of colored skin as unfit for admittance to America.

"Every emotion—pride, hate, love, greed—all are being appealed to to increase the hatred of Uncle Sam."

ALTHOUGH I agreed thoroughly with Dodge, I could not help smiling. In spite of England having succumbed to the Reds, the boy's pro-English sympathies blinded him to the fact that of all the controversies, conflicts, and differences of opinion existing between the United States and other nations, those rivalries and disputes which had developed between the United States and Great Britain since the Armistice of 1918 were by far the bitterest.

American residents in England had for some time begun to feel the same suspicions directed toward them as were directed by the English toward German waiters in 1914. Two American sailors had been killed in a dance-hall brawl in Liverpool. An American college student, somewhat intoxicated, had received a fractured skull in a barroom argument on the Strand. Even the old Countess Cathcart case had been revived when the British authorities had retaliated by deporting Susie Boyce, the American moving picture actress, who had figured in five divorce suits.

DODGE and I continued our discussion that evening in my rooms at the Savoy Hotel, where Brace Conklin was having dinner with me. The Chicago lawyer was in London, representing the meat packers on a question of their interrupted contracts for South American beef shipments. Speed Binney, accompanying Margot and Lin Karakhan, joined us at coffee.

Dodge greeted Margot effusively. "Don't you feel like an alien in this gathering?" he said. "One English girl among all us Yanks!"

"Not a bit," replied Margot. "In these days of internationalism few nationalities exist."

"You are right, miss," Conklin said to Margot. Then turning, he addressed Mme. Karakhan: "Your husband, madam, has removed a number of troublesome frontiers around the world, and nationalities have more or less gone with them. There are not many nationalities left, but we are trying to hold on to ours back in the United States."

"World conditions would not be what they are today if the British and American people had been able to understand one another," Dodge observed. "The two greatest things in America are the English language and the English common law. We received them from the mother country. Our American crime waves show how we have misapplied the law, and our American dialect, slang, and

accent show what we have done to the language."

"Just a minute, young fellow," Conklin interrupted. "Whose language is it, anyway? There were 400,000,000 people in the British Empire before Karakhan grabbed it, but how many of them spoke English? Exclude the 300,000,000 Indians and the 40,000,000 others of colored races and you can't scrape together more than 60,000,000 Britishers who speak English in any form."

"We have twice that many speakers of it in America—120,000,000 of 'em," said Binney enthusiastically.

"About the English law," Conklin resumed, "there is a big question whether the English courts get more justice out of it than we do in America. After all, our legal mistakes are mostly in the direction of humanitarian efforts. The English law operates quite closely with the English class system."

"Right again," said Binney, with gusto. "Jones the maidservant gets six years for stealing her 'marster's' liquor, and Lady Whosis is sentenced to a sanitarium on the Riviera for lifting a pearl necklace."

"BACK on the battle of democracy versus aristocracy. Why renew your dislike of the titled classes?" Dodge said with some asperity—and all the time his eyes were on Margot's face. The English girl, hearing the objection, said hurriedly:

"Not at all, Whit. Let us have Speed's views on the classes in my dear, defunct country. Have there not been enough notables of the English peerage and the Church of England executed to suit him?"

"God, yes!" said Speed. "When they shot the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was too much for me. The old man faced the firing squad bravely, and even smiled when the Red captain of the execution party told him that he ought to be happy because he would soon be in his heaven with the God that he had preached so much about. I don't want any more of the poor devils shot—but if the titles carried by the English aristocracy had been exterminated a hundred years ago, England wouldn't find herself under the Reds today."

"Absurd," said Dodge. "Almost every title in the House of Lords can be traced back to great men who contributed to the advancement of the British Empire. It was their sons and daughters who comprised the British titled class."

"That jibes with what I am telling you," said Binney. "I've just read about the first Duke of Marlborough—and I'll admit he did something for England when he kicked the sauerkraut out of the Heinies at the Battle of Blenheim. But what about the present Duke of Marlborough? What did he ever do for England, outside of marrying two American heiresses and bringing their money over here to pay off debts and lift mortgages?"

"America has its class system also,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$1,000 in cash awards to cigarette smokers

$500 for cigarette sales people

Cigarette smokers discovered this new use for Luden's Menthol Cough Drops — *greater smoke satisfaction and greater throat comfort.* We have been advertising that "One Luden's to every ten cigarettes—makes the eleventh taste as good as the first." Now we find that cigarette smokers have been making their own tests—some say it should be one Luden's to seven cigarettes; others one to five, and so on.

To settle this "argument" and to enable cigarette smokers to make their own decisions, we are offering $1,000 in prizes to cigarette smokers and $500 to cigarette sales people for the most convincing experiment and the cleverest slogan on the use of Luden's with cigarettes.

PRIZES

$1,000 to Cigarette Smokers.
- $200 for the best test description and slogan or jingle.
- $100 for the 2nd best.
- $50 for the 3rd best.
- $25 for the 4th best.
- $10 each for the next 30 winners.
- $5 each for the next 65 winners.

(*ninety-nine prizes in all*)

$500 to those who sell cigarettes.
- $100 for the best test description and slogan or jingle.
- $75 for the 2nd best.
- $50 for the 3rd best.
- $25 for the 4th best.
- $10 each for the next 10 winners.
- $5 each for the next 30 winners.

(*forty-four prizes in all*)

RULES

1—Any cigarette smoker can enter except employes of Luden's, Inc.

2—Write on one side of the paper only—do not use more than 200 words, including your slogan or jingle.

3—Mail to Cigarette Slogan Contest, Luden's, Inc., 220 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa. Write your name and address plainly.

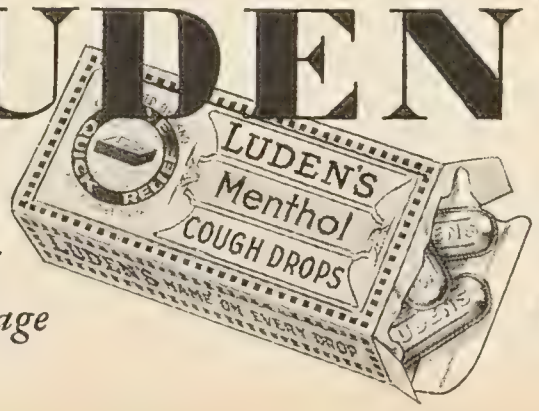
4—The letter must be postmarked *before* midnight, July 15th, 1929.

5—Prizes will be awarded for the most convincing explanation of the smoking test and the cleverest jingle or slogan giving the results. Not more than one prize to one person.

6—All contestants agree to abide by the decision of the judges. Names of winners will be given in this publication and checks mailed to winners as soon as a decision can be reached after July 15th, 1929.

7—If you want to participate and have not tried Luden's Menthol Cough Drops, you can get a sample package, *free,* by writing to Cigarette Slogan Contest, Luden's, Inc., 220 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S



In the triple-sealed yellow package

5¢

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page forty-seven]

Speed." Lin interjected herself into the discussion with just a flash of her old-time radical self. "America has its cattle kings, oil kings, wheat dictators, beef barons, money lords, diamond queens; its millionaires and multimillionaires—all comprising a class far above the rest of the population, who are mostly middle class or lower class, regardless of what they call themselves. The trouble with the American proletariat is that it refuses to admit that it's proletarian."

"I think I can straighten both of you out," said Conklin. "The difference is this: the British class system is permanent, and the American class system constantly changes. An Englishmanborn in the working class usually dies in it, because few vacancies ever occur in the permanent titled class above him. An Englishman's title goes to his eldest son, whether that son is an honor or a disgrace to it.

"The difference in America is that the son of an American millionaire inherits his father's millions and class distinction as a money lord—but unless he inherits his dad's distinctive brains, courage, industry, or business capacity, his inheritance will pass on to strugglers who are on their way up from the bottom. Thus the American class system purifies itself continually, taking up new brains and new driving forces."

"A perfect description of our differences." Margot observed. "The European workman works with his eye on a pension. The American workman's aim is not to hold on to the old job, but to get a better paying one."

"Right again, Margot," Speed applauded. "It's the same thing all over again. European capital is aristocratic and permanent; American capital is impermanent and democratic. If my governor leaves me the Binney sheet and tube works out in St. Louis, and I haven't got enough savvy to run it, there will be plenty of people to take it away from me."

"The fault lies in our history," Margot resumed. "America can well boast of its equality of economic opportunity, because the Declaration of Independence gave it a fresh start with democracy. European capitalism is aristocratic because it is built on the remains of our medieval feudalism. Renters and hopeless wage slaves have some reason for revolution; but home owners, with high standards of living and opportunity to participate in ownership through shares and stocks, oppose revolution, and work to preserve the order of things under which they prosper."

"Well spoken, Margot," said Whit, his eyes on the girl's face. "But your ideas are not so well based on facts because you do not know America as well as you do your own country. But you do manifest the one right that Englishmen have always clung to—the privilege of self-criticism. If we had some of that privilege in America, we would be better off. As it is, most American thinking is dictated and standardized. It would have changed under a good Anglo-American alliance. The possibility of a war between America and Great Britain would have been nothing short of unthinkable if both countries could have exterminated their Bottomleys and William Hale Thompsons, with their vulgar insults to the personal heads of friendly foreign nations."

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

"When they shot the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was too much for me," said Speed. "The old man faced the firing squad bravely, and even smiled when they told him he would soon be in his heaven."

"I never heard of Bottomley," said Speed. "And I don't believe England gave a damn about anything Bill Thompson ever said. But it did make American males sick when the Prince of Wales went over and stopped traffic, even though he is a good guy. The most of the trouble came from American papas and mammas who sent their daughters to London to be presented before the King and Queen in masquerade attire. Can you imagine me wearing black silk knee pants and slippers with silver buckles?"

A burst of laughter went round the room.

OUR discussion that night well reflected the disputes that had aroused emotions in both America and England throughout the preceding ten years. We speak of England's war debts—England's pride, injured by the passing of financial control from London to New York—America's grabbing of English foreign markets—Britain's nominal surrender of naval superiority at the Arms Conference of 1922.

As someone remarked, mistrust, fear, and jealousy of England had long existed in America. The history of the battles of the Revolution and the War of 1812 was known to every school child. England's sympathies for the South during the Civil War were interpreted as having been an attempt to Balkanize America.

The growing bitterness and misunderstanding which President Coolidge had so pointedly made public back in 1928 still existed in 1933.

Then a sensational but not unpredictable event rekindled the flames of dissension.

Karakhan's automobile was blown up by a bomb hurled from a fourth-floor window of an American newspaper reading room on Trafalgar Square. Eleven civilians and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY]

© A. S. C. 1929

Silent Discords

HAVE you ever wondered why the tones of the violin can be both the sweetest and the most hideous known to music? In the hands of a Kreisler its song soars very close to heaven; in the fumbling fingers of a novice it is actually *painful* to the ear.

Musicians tell us it is because the violin is most sensitive of all the instruments. The faintest difference in pressure or position of the player's fingers alters the *vibrations* of the strings. It is almost human in its responsiveness.

Have you ever thought, further, that life, too, is music, that health is harmony, illness a discord, and that your body is the most marvelous and sensitive instrument that exists in Nature?

THE MARVEL OF "LIVING"

It is made up of myriads of cells, thousands upon thousands of parts. Every cell and every part has its own special work, every one is constantly wearing out, every part is constantly being rebuilt with new cells. And with all this complicated business of keeping one's body alive and well, our conscious mind has very little to do. You can order your hand to pick up this magazine, your eyes to read this printed page, your tongue to repeat the words. But vital functions like the healing of a cut, the beating of the heart, breathing, digestion—these go on without our help and very much better than we could possibly do them.

All day, for example, you have been breathing. Now, if you begin to think about it and consciously control it, you will soon be breathing irregularly, fast, then slow, too deeply or not enough, and you will find it a very tiresome business.

HOW "LIFE" IS GOVERNED

Keen minds as far back as Aristotle, in ancient Greece, recognized this inherent ability of living things to take care of themselves.

They conceived the existence of a *vital principle* which maintained normal life. Today we know that this governing intelligence resides in the brain, that, from the brain and the great sympathetic nervous centers, travels force, which is a form of vibration just as much as the forces which actuate the strings of a violin or an electric wire. These vibrations pass through the spinal cord, branch out between the separate bones (the vertebrae) which form the backbone and off along the telegraphic system of the nerves to every part and organ of the body.

If you will think of these nerves like many strings of a violin, each carrying a vibration in *constant harmony* with the rest, you have a conception of normal health. If you picture one of these vital nerves being obstructed so as to change or modify the *character* of its vibration, you have the source of discord, the *lack* of harmony and balance which means *ill health.* The *effect* is shown in illness of some part or organ of the body; the *cause* lies in the failure of the communicating nerve to properly maintain that part. It is a silent discord, but it injures the very instrument itself.

When one thinks of illness in these terms it is easier to understand why one person eats with pleasure the same food that makes another miserable, why one person "catches cold" at the same time and place where 10 others go unharmed, why a perfectly sound organ grows too active or too sluggish *for no apparent cause.*

Competent and successful practitioners display this emblem, signifying that they are members of The American Society of Chiropractors.

THE POINT OF WEAKNESS

Anatomists have shown that the place where discordant influences can most persistently be exerted on a nerve is between the small bony sections of the spine. Those who practice chiropractic are trained to search for the specific displacements which cause these obstructions and, by adjusting them to normal position, to free the nerves. It is the further teaching of chiropractic, and one attested by thousands from their personal experience, that Nature, when again free to work, will repair all damage that is not beyond repair.

Probably four-fifths of the American people have never heard a complete explanation of chiropractic principles or the answers to many questions which the reader of an article like this would want to ask. The booklet, "Health Through Chiropractic," is an authoritative statement of these principles by those who practice them. Its reports of cases will be found particularly interesting. It will be mailed, without cost or obligation, to any one requesting it of the Educational Committee, The American Society of Chiropractors, 390 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Win your war on

DANDRUFF

Here is the most thoroughly sensible treatment for your hair and scalp ▲ ▲Sergeant's for the Hair is a refinement of the fifty-year-old Sergeant's Mange Medicine, and possesses all the therapeutic qualities of the old remedy ▲ ▲ but there is now no objectionable odor, and no greasy after-feeling. Rub Sergeant's for the Hair well into the scalp. Watch the DANDRUFF disappear. The natural oils of Sergeant's will condition and lubricate the scalp; keep the hair glossy and always in place. Comb your hair with it every day. Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Use it daily. Write to us for free sample and a booklet on treatment of hair ▲ Polk Miller Products Corp., 221 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto

Sergeant's for the HAIR

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page forty-eight]

four soldiers were killed in the explosion, which wrecked the car and rendered the Red Napoleon unconscious from steel splinters which grazed his skull.

Giulio Vicenzo, who had been valet and orderly to Mussolini and had stood at his side when he was killed at Udine, was caught and admitted the outrage. He declared proudly that he had meant to avenge the death of the "greatest man of modern times," and that he hoped he had killed Karakhan and liberated the world from "red communism and yellow arrogance." Although Vicenzo insisted he had acted entirely alone, he admitted that he had fled from Italy to America when the Reds had reached Rome, and that he had lived in the Italian quarter in New York until his arrival in England, one month before his deed.

THESE facts were sufficient to cause the press of the Red Union, without exception, to lay blame for the attempted assassination at the doorstep of America.

The U. S. State Department immediately made denial of these charges and expressed deepest sympathy and regrets, and the American ambassador in London personally presented the congratulations of the President to Karakhan upon his fortunate escape from death.

Karakhan's wound was slight, but for the assurance of the masses he made a public appearance on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. A white bandage covered half of the yellow forehead of the Red Napoleon as he stood there, tall, thin, erect, in his tight-fitting khaki tunic, acknowledging the cheers of the thousands. No smile disturbed the serious, almost sullen look that seemed stamped upon his Asiatic features. He took his plaudits as Mussolini had taken his—with the conviction that he merited them.

At the height of the world-wide reverberation of the explosion of Vicenzo's bomb, relations between the Red Union and the United States were suddenly subjected to a new and final strain.

Some of the orders and military medals originated by Karakhan's command. With two exceptions, these decorations were never bestowed or exhibited. Several are imperial in character, and authorities infer that he had them made in anticipation of his becoming world emperor.

On the night of November 29, 1933, the 6,000-ton coast steamer Sandino, flying the Nicaraguan flag, steamed slowly into the Pacific entrance of the channel leading to the Panama Canal. According to custom it stopped opposite Flamenco Island, where it was met by a pilot boat containing, in addition to the pilot, the customary guards, inspectors, and officials of the Canal Zone.

THE American pilot took over the wheel, while the canal officer retired to the captain's cabin to examine the ship's papers. The inspectors and guards went about their respective duties, while the ship, according to custom, resumed headway up the narrow channel toward the signal station located at the Balboa entrance to the canal, four miles away.

Just what happened on board the steamer will ever remain a mystery, because, of the estimated crew of fifty and the American boarding party of fourteen, not a soul survived.

The Sandino approached within two miles of the signal station without establishing the customary communication by blinker light between the American zone signalmen on board and the waiting officials in the signal station. The station signaled the Sandino to flash its code password.

No reply came. The station then signaled to the Sandino to anchor immediately. Still no response. There could be no doubt now that her speed was increasing. The station next signaled by blinker light:

"Anchor at once, or we open fire."

At the same time an alarm sounded across the zone and crews manned the guns on Guinea Point, Farfan Point, and the heights of Cerro San Juan.

The Sandino continued under way, ignoring the signals.

There was a flash of light close to the water's edge at Guinea Point and a three-inch shell tore through the steamer's rigging. Star shells bursting a thousand feet above the channel released calcium flares suspended from small silk parachutes.

In the sickly white light shed downward, men were seen struggling on the deck of the approaching steamer and several pistol shots were heard.

Then twenty guns of the canal defenses, which had been trained on the Sandino for the preceding five minutes, spoke in unison from the darkness. The impact of the shells resulted in a most terrific explosion.

The Sandino suddenly changed from a dark blotch on the water to a volcanic eruption of orange and yellow brilliance which illuminated the heavens, and was seen clear across the isthmus. It was accompanied by a tremendous detonation that blew the windows out of the hotel in the city of Panama and dismantled every navigation light within five miles.

Pieces of steel hull and deck rained down on Guinea and Farfan points for three minutes following the explosion. The commander of the zone defenses immediately put emergency measures into effect.

BY noon of the next day it had been established by the United States Intelligence that the Sandino, although flying the Nicaraguan flag, had been under charter to Compton Thompson, Ltd., harbor construction engineers of Liverpool, and had sailed four days previously from Salina Cruz, Mexico, bound for Liverpool, with a cargo of sisal. Confronted with these facts, the American public did not need the explanation of amateur strategists to appreciate that the Sandino, once she had put out to sea from Salina Cruz, had dumped her cargo and shipped another one estimated at between three and four thousand tons of T. N. T., and that her purpose had been to explode this terrific charge within the Panama Canal and block it.

In Panama it was presumed that the pilot and signalman, as well as the other members of the American boarding party, had been overpowered and threatened with death unless they would signal the responses to enable the ship to enter the canal.

Today the tall marble and bronze shaft erected to the memory of these fourteen men stands in Balboa Park in the city of Panama as a symbol of a nation's appreciation of the lives they laid down for their country.

In next week's installment, Karakhan forces war upon the United States. Mr. Gibbons receives permission to return to this country, bringing with him Speed—but not Margot, who is in Karakhan's hands.

DO YOU KNOW . . .
THE CIGARETTE OF THE SUBMARINES?

. . . IT'S COOL, CRISP TOBACCO ENJOYMENT!

Out of stale, gaseous air into sunlight and sea breeze...up from a dive and hankering for a cigarette! From the undersea fleet comes hearty praise of Spud...for throats coated . . . for throats clouded. Where a more dramatic test for Spud's refreshing, cooling smoke? Landlubbers, too...emerging from stuffy offices . . . know the joy of Spud and its cooling effect, proved 16% cooler. It heightens Spud's full tobacco flavor. It makes Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

SMOKE 16% COOLER by TEST

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how the greater coolness of Spud was proved scientifically and what it means to you...will be sent gladly on request.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

Now over

2,000,000!

LIBERTY guarantees to advertisers an average of more than 2,000,000 net paid circulation for the balance of 1929.

Vox

Mr. Anton Schenk Puts Us in Our Place

HAVANA, CUBA—As a rule your editorials are very interesting and full of common sense, but in "Is War With England 'Unthinkable'?" you seemed to be worrying needlessly and at the same time taking too much for granted.

A war between your country and Great Britain would be deplorable but far from calamitous to the white race or to white civilization. Do you happen to have, by some divine concession, a monopoly on white civilization? You are only a part of the great white family and have contributed your allotted share to its well-being and supremacy, but so have the Latins, Teutons, Slavs, Scandinavians, etc.

Your seeming superiority of today is economic but not intellectual or otherwise.

As anybody knows, when the Latins (Romans) were supreme in every way, you Anglo-Saxons were nothing but blue-painted savages, and yet white civilization was not molested in any way by the non-white races.

On the other hand, you two—Great Britain and the States—are getting to be somewhat of a nuisance to the rest of the world in general, and to the other whites in particular, with your incessant bragging and unlimited egotism.

Don't you people remember Germany's lesson?—*Anton Schenk.*

Then Why Blame Mr. Davis?

BOSTON, MASS.—Why must Elmer Davis hand us such a sour slice of life as

he did in his story, "Pride of the Family"? It was certainly in the mood of H. L. Mencken's saying—that there is as much gross trafficking in the marriage of a woman as in the sale of a mule.

That Southerner, Marcia, married Jake Oddy for his millions as revoltingly as if she'd been put in a store window, ticketed "For Sale," and Jake had seen her there and bought her. Her animating motive—human, but low—was a wish to "put it over" her friends with her new, raw lucre.

Ugh! It gave me the creeps. And—darn it all!—the worst of it is that it's true—of a good many women.—*Fred.*

Early Returns on "The Red Napoleon"

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—I have just read with interest the first two installments of your latest story, "The Red Napoleon," and am taking the liberty of commenting on the extraordinary literary ability of one Floyd Gibbons who wrote this dynamic yarn.

Hats off to the biggest and most vivid imagination I have ever run across, either in life or story. That man must be a master mind and it is too bad the diplomatic corps didn't enlist his services.—*Chas. B. O'Neill.*

CHICAGO, ILL. — Blah! Your serial, "The Red Napoleon," is the product of a diseased imagination. I feel sure it will turn out to be mere jingo propaganda for a bigger army and navy. —*One Who Sees Through It.*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Boy, your first two installments of "The Red Napoleon" were wows. This Floyd Gibbons sure knows his wars. I've lost five pounds already, waiting for further copies of LIBERTY. Speed up the presses!—*A Reader.*

Well What?

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Either give us Ralph Barton's "News of the World," or else—

That little red sphere on the upper right-hand corner of the cover gonna read:

"Under 1,000 Net Paid Circulation," unless—

Well?—*Harold O. Allison.*

Thoughts

NEW YORK, N. Y.—These were my thoughts while reading Robert Hichens' story, "Saturday Night":

Bah! Starts out just like any other story. Bah!

I know how it'll turn out—I'll read the first few lines and then throw the thing away. Enjoy my cigarette in peace.

Yes, just as I thought: an innocent little "dark" girl, a disdainful blonde who's a typical vampire, and a weak-willed man. Who cares?

What's this? It's actually a little better. Not so bad after all.

Well, I'll be—

Great! That's a real story. First I was bored—not now.

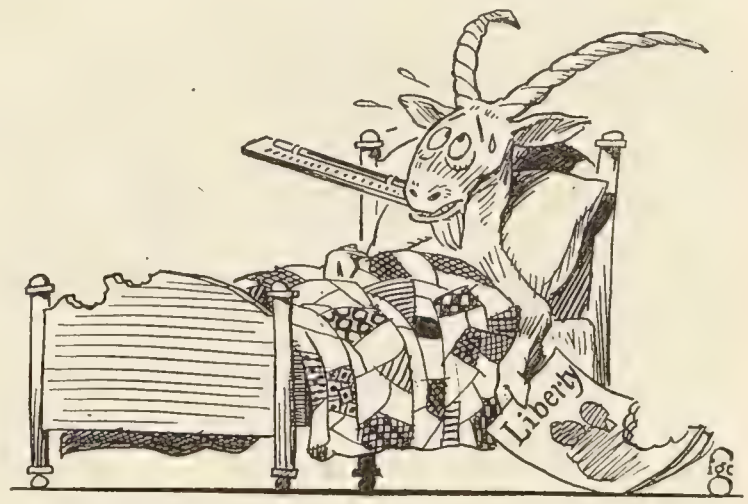
Gee, but that was a good ending!—*E. M.*

Amusing Letter Entitled Getting the Ragman's Goat

ERIE, PA.—How LIBERTY can print such trash as is found on its eighty pages, and please its two million readers, is the greatest problem I've had to solve since prohibition.

The following is the conversation that took place between our ragman and myself. I showed him some rags and old shoes, and asked him what they were worth. He weighed them and said: "Twenty cents."

I then proceeded to show him some magazines. He started to stuff these into



his bag until he came across some LIBERTYS. He said: "You'll have to give those to somebody else. My goat gets a bad bellyache every time I feed him LIBERTYS."

When worse magazines are built, LIBERTY will build them.—*G. Holtz.*

You Make It All So Clear

FORT WAYNE, IND.—It is no wonder, considering the tremendous energy and diabolical ingenuity it must require to produce a magazine as bad as LIBERTY, that you occasionally slop over, so to speak, and publish something really worth while.

Your editorial, "If You Want Culture Learn Spanish" is really a little classic. How it ever got into LIBERTY is only explained by my previous remarks.—*Guy Haythorn.*

Nature Certainly Is Wonderful

TOTTENVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Mr. F. G. Cooper, your Vox Pop cartoonist, need have no worries about explaining about the cow he drew with five spigots. He perhaps drew said cow from real life.

On my father's farm, in up-state New York, we had at least three cows at different times possessing a quintet of teats.

It was my duty to coax milk from these contented quadrupeds by the elbow-grease method.

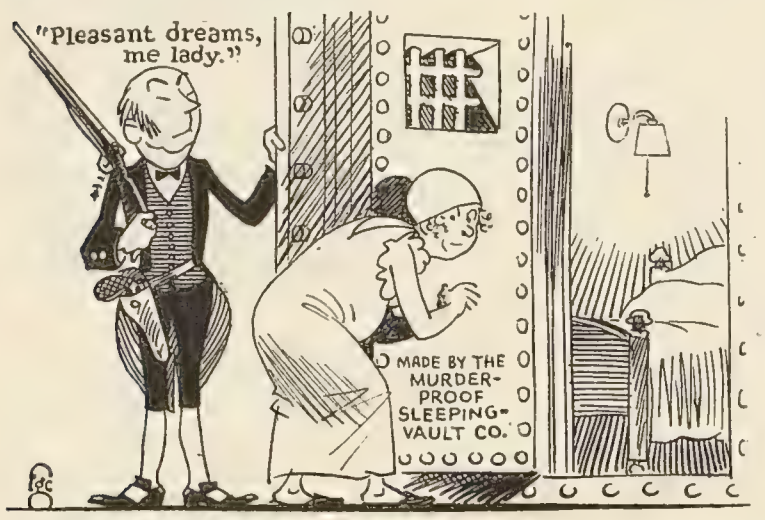
However, I was satisfied to fill the milk pail by using Swedish massage on

Pop

the four main sources of supply, as the fifth seemed to be an added attraction for numerous horseflies or cowflies. At least, I let the cow do the worrying. Though Mrs. Cow possessed one extra tap she seemed to have pity on an eight-year lad and never, to my knowledge, did she fill that extra lavaliere.—*Actor Who Was a Farmer.*

They Weren't Supposed to Be Soporifics

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Now that Sidney Sutherland's "Real Life Mysteries" have ended, I'll be able to sleep in peace.



The only trouble with them was, they were too real.

I myself died about a dozen times while reading them. I was drowned, knifed, and hanged. I was poisoned and shot, and my throat was cut. I'd just about decided that, unless the series ended, I'd have to have a fireproof, burglarproof, and bombproof vault made—just big enough to put my bed in.

Then they stopped and saved me from having to treat myself like the Kohinoor diamond, in order to get a little slumber.—*Mrs. L. M.*

A Last Look at "Prohibition Is a Religion"

CHELSEA, MASS. — Your editorial, "Prohibition Is a Religion," was the most dispassionate, logical, and convincing arraignment of this abortive attempt to achieve temperance by legal fiat that I have ever read.

Regardless of how tragic President Hoover may consider it, people do elect what laws they will support; they always have and always will.

It is ridiculous to expect the American people to grow enthusiastic over the abstract theory of law observance. They simply won't do it. They seem wedded to the belief that criminal law is for the criminal minority and that to apply it to the decent majority is tyranny if it succeeds and a species of anarchy if it fails.

The truth of the matter is that our people are right now in peaceful revolt against their government and its laws. And over what? The dead body of Temperance, preserved in a vat of bootleg alcohol, zealously guarded by those three high priests of pious debauchery, the Anti-Saloon League, the Eighteenth Amendment, and the Volstead Act.

If our lawmakers were in earnest, if they really wished to enforce prohibition, they would pass a law making the purchaser of liquor equally guilty with the seller. The receiver is an accessory in the truest and broadest sense of the word. For the law to grant him complete immunity is the rankest hypocrisy and cowardice.

Was the Eighteenth Amendment and its supporting legislation needed to make this a temperate and eventually an abstemious nation? In the light of the following figures, I think that these questions may safely be answered in the negative: The per capita consumption of spirituous liquors in the United States dropped from approximately three gallons in 1860 to less than one gallon in 1918, a decrease of 67 per cent within the span of less than two generations.

That was progress, real and substantial; yet England has done even better. The British government informs me, in a letter dated March 14, 1929, that, to quote the Secretary of the Custom House verbatim: "The quantities of spirituous liquors retained for use in England during the years 1900 and 1927 were 32,239,522 gallons and 10,403,630 gallons, respectively."

Thus, without prohibition and the attendant corruption, debauchery, and crime that are making America a byword the world over, the English people have voluntarily reduced their "hard" drinking by more than two-thirds within a period of twenty-seven years. The per capita consumption is now less than one-third gallon.

But our dawn, too, I think, is breaking. If the attempt to enforce prohibition by means of the Jones Act proves futile, all but the fanatics among the drys will be willing to accept the repeal or modification of our prohibitory laws. Then a sensible, sane, workable plan for regulating the liquor traffic can and will be adopted.—*Lawrence F. Quigley, Mayor.*

The Churches at Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Congratulations on your fearless article by Arthur Sears Henning entitled, "The Lobby of the Churches."

Are we reverting to the terrible religious tyranny and intolerance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Is the instinct for religious expression stronger than love of country? It behooves our citizenry to relinquish religious partisanship and to unite for Americanism.—*An American.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—No, Arthur Sears Henning, the Protestant churches of America are *not* reaching out after temporal power, politically or otherwise. As was exemplified in the recent national election, they are only trying to keep a certain other church from monopolizing both American politics and religion.—*W. J. Standefer.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—"The Lobby of the Churches" was as readable as fiction, but filled from beginning to end with facts. It should double the circulation of LIBERTY.

Such articles as this compel people to stop and think. Church and state united in these United States? Impossible? No, a fact!—*S. M.*

We'll Print This, but You'll Have to Think up Something Funnier Next Time

WASHINGTON, D. C. — If Patrick Henry was alive today and said "Give me LIBERTY or give me death," he would sure get a rotten deal if they didn't shoot him.—*Richard Hussey.*

Happy, Innocent Childhood

ST. LOUIS, MO.—It's an old question, the one about whether or not alcohol aids thought. Frederick Palmer's article, "Was Grant Drunk at Shiloh?" reminded me of my own attempt to settle it.

When I was a kid I read about Grant's winning battles while slightly soused

and Edgar Allan Poe's writing great poems while under the influence. I decided that what I needed to pass a certain exam. in algebra was whisky, and plenty of it. Well, I turned up at my desk just soaked in inspiration—and was asleep before I'd been scribbling fifteen minutes. I didn't wake up till the teacher grabbed me by one ear, and decided, then and there, that Grant's meat was my poison.

I thought Mr. Palmer's article a masterly simplification of a complex battle. —*R. Nelson.*

Irene Delroy
—beautiful dancer and singer, now starring in "Follow Thru", says, "I owe my white teeth to the use of Kolynos on a dry tooth brush."

New way to white teeth

Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique

Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days!

Try this amazing new way to clean teeth. It whitens the teeth in a new and different way. It makes even the dullest and yellowest teeth radiantly white and without the slightest injury to the enamel!

It is called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique and consists of the use of a half inch of Kolynos Dental Cream on a dry tooth brush.

Kolynos is a highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream that foams in the mouth. Hence it is usable on a dry tooth brush. That means you can use it *full strength;* also that the brush bristles then remain stiff enough to scrub the teeth and penetrate the crevices between.

The active, antiseptic foam acts directly on the sticky mucin

½ Inch on a Dry Brush

that coats the teeth and discolors them. It works on this mucoid coating like millions of tiny fingers—breaks it up and, with the aid of the properly stiff brush bristles, washes it completely off the teeth.

Teeth are cleaned down to the gleaming white, naked enamel without injury.

The antiseptic foam floods the entire mouth. It cleans and disinfects the mouth as well as the teeth. It stimulates the gums. It is a 100 percent measure for oral hygiene.

Free Proof!

All drug stores sell Kolynos Dental Cream. But a trial tube is free for the asking. Put it to the test. Clip the coupon or mail a postcard.

The Kolynos Co., Dept. LC 1
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

"Don't—Stop—Don't!"

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE stars winked intimately in the velvet playground of the sky. The Milky Way's blazing path of a million diamonds beckoned the old man in the moon to a change of scenery. The moon had only one eye in his waning face of washed-out gold, and it was focused intently upon that humpy geographic contour which is the U. S. A. Before the earth's bold shadow blinded him, this friendly Cyclops of the sky was enjoying one last look at a certain little garden in a certain little town!

Lil's conservatory windows were open. Indoors, outdoors, it was a romantic May night. The low-hung wicker chairs creaked. Ice clinked in tall glasses. Guests giggled from the depths of jazzy cushions.

This week's cover picture.

"It was such an evening when I fought a duel on the banks of the Volga," Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim was saying. Being the largest frog present in the social pond, he spoke from the hub of an admiring circle. "I saved a woman from scandal."

"A duel!" the ladies cried like flageolets.

"Scandal!" the men grinned. "Who was the lady?"

"Princess Chubaria Rudzutak Mauna Imaliadorf."

"What?" Miss Henshaw asked, busy with hurry-scurry shorthand notes for the Evening Breeze. She hadn't been so thrilled since Easter Monday, when she'd represented her paper at President Hoover's little egg party. She knew nothing about politics, but she knew her yolks. "Princess Chewwhatwashername?"

"Copy it from my address book," Bodo smiled, "but don't write to her. She committed suicide the night of the duel. At the moment that my sword point pierced Prince Bukovine's left superior pulmonary vein, she was sipping poison on her balcony above the river, while the waves bore the pitiful flotsam of her tear-stained love letters to the Caspian Sea."

Bodo's deep-toned voice impressed Lil's guests. Everybody felt quite inferior to this Continental nobleman who talked as dramatically as Hollywood heroes in those new tony talkies at the Bijou! Miss Henshaw was so excite that her loops and hooks had dressed Lil in Mrs. White cocktail jacket, and Mrs. White in Lil's black chiffon with its three-tiered skirt.

"Ah, my midsummer-night's dream!" Bodo said to Lil after his suicide story and three cocktails. "Be my little Juliet, my glorious Titania, my Cleo?"

"Oh, Bodo!" she gasped. Where were the other guests? They had suddenly and magically deserted her conservatory like supers in a play. And Sandy? She heard his Martini hiccup in the garden. She felt herself drawn down upon the settee, Bodo's hot hand upon her bare back.

"Elope with me to the Riviera," his soft voice whispered in her ear. His breath stirred her hair. "An American husband is a fatigued, passive creature, worn out by his business harness. Fly with your protecting Bodo. Let his ancient castle become your background. You have been married nearly two years. Domestic love has cooled, the cream has gone, only sentimental skimmed milk is left. Kiss me, Lil! Forget convention as our lovely European women do."

"Don't—stop—don't!" Lil breathed, shoving him away.

The great gold Peeping Tom of the sky winked his one eye. Was another American marriage bumping on the rocks?

(Next week's cover adventure: Sandy's Kick-off)

Two Letters

The Story of a Broadway Tragedy

By

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Pictures by NEIL O'KEEFFE

The telephone shrilled, tearing the hatred-laden silence that had fallen between the two young women. "Answer him," ordered Billie. "I've had enough."

THE telephone rang insistently, waking Billie Lang from much-needed sleep. She shuddered as she rose to the surface of consciousness, glanced at the illuminated dial of the bedside clock that declared the hour to be long past midnight, and reached for the instrument.

"Hello? Yes?" she queried wearily. The voice, which she instantly recognized, brought her sharply to herself.

"Ashton speaking. Is that you, Billie?"

The girl's mind leaped to the cause of the call with sudden fear.

"How are you, old girl? Feeling any better?" came the unexpected query.

"Oh, yes, much better," she answered, hastily pitching her tone to a hint of weakness.

"No, I wasn't asleep—medicine to take, you know."

With her free hand she switched on the reading light at the head of her bed—the darkness had become suffocating.

"May I speak to Mildred?" asked the voice.

"She's gone to the drug store to get me a hot-water bottle," Billie lied. "I'll tell her to call you when she comes back. Where are you, anyway? She didn't expect you home until tomorrow."

She sensed his hesitation. "She couldn't very well reach me. I'll call again in half an hour or so, if you're sure you don't mind. I'm a brute to rout you out at this time of night when I know you're not well. I called the house and they told me Mildred had left a message, but I've got to get in touch with her. It's important. I shouldn't have put it off so long. I got to worrying."

"Can't I give her the message?" she volunteered hopefully. Was there really something important, or did he suspect that his wife was not "sitting up with her sick friend"?

Again his voice halted. "Couldn't very well make it a message—too complicated. I'm awfully sorry, old girl." Once more he launched into apologies.

Billie hastened to rivet the alibi she had invented. "I hated to let Mildred go out so late, but they haven't a messenger at the drug store, and you know we've no

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO LETTERS
Continued from page fifty-five]

janitor here. You have to have a key, and my maid sleeps out."

He laughed. "Millie can take care of herself as far as the street corner, I guess. I'll give her a ring a little later. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Of course," she answered warmly. "Tell me, are you in town? Your voice is so clear."

"No—Philadelphia. It's because it's late and the wire is clear. Good-by."

She was suddenly cold with fear. She was certain that he was trying to deceive her as to his whereabouts. Had his been a long-distance call, they would have been interrupted with warnings of the passage of time. Moreover, the customary preliminaries had not been observed. She could not doubt that Ashton, questioning his wife's truthfulness, had returned unexpectedly and intended locating her. Suppose he should come. What could she do? How explain? Damn Mildred, anyway! Why couldn't she play fair?

With the one perfect husband in the world, why did she have to cheat and lie and cheapen herself in the sub rosa company of the questionable companions she should have discarded forever when she accepted Ashton Clifford's name? It was abominable. And here she was—she, Billie Lang—forced to shield her wrongdoing, to act as blind, to betray her affection for Ashton or betray Mildred's unsought confidence. Of all things, she most despised this coward's rôle.

"What? . . . No!" Her face went blank with amazement.

SHE got out of bed and slipped into a kimono. Where was Mildred, anyway? she wondered. With whom? Could she find her by calling up the night clubs? As well search the traditional ha'stack for the needle. At any moment Ashton might be knocking at her door! She could tell him the truth, of course, if forced to it, but would he believe her innocent of complicity? Of course not! Hadn't she lied, inventing the hot-water-bottle story and embellishing it with details?

Damn Mildred! Damn and double damn! She didn't care what happened to Mildred. She deserved whatever she got. But Ashton! He mustn't know—he mustn't find out. It would break his heart. Fiercely, almost maternally, protective, she resolved to go to any lengths in order to preserve his confidence and trust in his faithless wife. But what could she do to assure it? What could she say if he came? She could not conceivably be sending Mildred out on endless midnight errands.

The telephone bell rang sharply. Panic-stricken, she clutched a chair back for support. So soon! Perhaps it would be better not to answer, but that might bring him at once to investigate. She strove for self-control. After all, she could tell him that Mildred had not yet returned—it was only a few minutes by the clock since his first call. She could suggest that Mildred might have had difficulty in awakening the pharmacy clerk. She must not let nervousness get the better of her. She clenched her teeth, shook her slender shoulders as if physically shaking off the grip of fear, and set the receiver to her ear.

"Yes?" she said firmly.

A surge of mingled relief and anger overwhelmed her as Mildred's drawling voice came over the wire: "Say, Billie. Thought I'd better wise you up. You may not know it, but you're sick in bed, and I'm spending the night with you. That's what I told the servants at the house. Had to tell them something. You needn't yowl. I know you told me not to, but what can I do?"

Billie Lang found her voice. "You come here at once! Just as fast as you can make it. Do you hear me? Ashton telephoned and he's going to call up again. They told him at the house you were here. I said I'd sent you to the drug store. I'm sure he's in town. Hop a taxi. I'll be watching to let you in—and pray God he doesn't meet you on the doorstep!" She slammed the receiver up and crossed to the window.

WHERE had Mildred been when she telephoned? How long would it take her to come? She'd be in evening dress, of course. If Ashton came and found her thus, the alibi they had framed would be useless.

Glad to have something to do while she waited, Billie ran to the guest room, pulled down the covers of the bed, got out pyjamas and a negligée, and disturbed the ordered alignment of the toilet articles on the dresser. The minutes dragged by while her strained nerves grew nightmare taut.

At last! A car was slowing to a stop. She raised the corner of the shade. Yes, Mildred was paying her fare, and turning toward the steps. Billie admitted her visitor, who closed the door with a slam, and faced her friend sullenly. She was just a trifle rumpled; just a bit

" It can't be! You must be mistaken. It's impossible! "

touched with drink; more annoyed for the moment at having her plans interfered with than relieved by her escape from detection.

Billie Lang's anger grew. " Go in there," she ordered. " Get into the night things I put out on the bed, and if you ever dare to do such a thing again I'll spill the beans. Believe me, I *will!* "

Mildred looked at her with bright, unwinking eyes. " You make me tired," she snapped. " And lay off the sermon, will you? I was having a grand time at the Casual Club. Yes, I was with Ed, if you want to know—and I know you do. What makes you think that Ash is back in town? Did he tell you so? "

" GET in and get undressed," Billie persisted. " What would you be doing, going for a hot-water bottle in geranium chiffon? You've been out and come back and gone to bed by the wall. I'd better have the hot-water bottle in evidence in case he does come here. Gosh, what I've suffered! Afraid every minute he'd call up or come up! Lucky for you I made the grade when he sprang it on me." She disappeared into the bathroom, leaving her guest to her disrobing.

Mildred Clifford wriggled out of her scarlet wisp of a gown, and ran her fingers through her short golden curls. She glanced at herself in the full-length mirror and relaxed. Why worry? Men didn't quarrel with women as pretty as the reflection that met her eyes. Ashton had been in luck to marry her. Maybe he had paid a good stiff price, but if he hadn't had the price, she wouldn't have married him. So it all evened up. She didn't owe him anything. He was such a stick-in-the-mud that he didn't even know he was one.

She stepped into Billie's pyjamas with a little pout at their unflattering simplicity. Well, Billie was a nitwit, anyway, to toil and work at her music and pass up all the fun. The object of these thoughts came back, bloated hot-water bottle in hand, her eyes smoldering.

" I'm not going to put it up to you to be decent," she broke out. " You don't seem to care. But I'm going to find a way to make you stop using me. This is the last time I'll help you out of a scrape like this, so make the most of it."

" OH, you! " Mildred's sleepy blue eyes grew insolent. " You know you don't want your boy friend's feelings hurt. Don't fool yourself that I think you've alibied me for my sake. You've never forgiven me for marrying Ash and you never will. I'm trading on your consideration for *him,* not for *me.* Oh, no—not for *me,* Billie, my dear," she sniggered, threw herself into an easy chair, reached for and lighted a cigarette.

Billie Lang turned away that the other girl might not see her confusion. Then her indignation began to boil again. The telephone shrilled, tearing the hatred-laden silence that had fallen between the two young women.

" Answer him," ordered Billie. " I've had enough."

Mildred sat down on the edge of the bed and took off the receiver. She looked over at her unwilling hostess and her blue eyes snapped sapphire sparks.

" That you, Ash? " she demanded in a belligerent tone. " Now what do you think you're doing, calling me up at this hour, and Billie sick in bed? You have no consideration, and I bet anything you haven't got any reason for wanting to get in touch with me. It's your rotten jealousy. You called up the house and they told you I was here, and you just wanted to find out if it were so. I am disgusted with you, and I don't mean maybe! "

Billie gasped in amazement at the cool effrontery of the attack. It left her for the moment breathless. Mildred remained silent for a moment, smiling with sardonic satisfaction at the evident effect of her tirade. Then she spoke sharply, as her face suddenly clouded.

" I don't believe you." Again she listened, puzzled and irritated. Then she snarled, catlike, " Well, what of it? Why should I care? It's nothing to me! What did you see him for? You know he's a jealous lunatic. Didn't I divorce him just for that? And you let him have the fun of baiting you. Oh, piffle! I tell you, piffle! "

Billie Lang, watching her closely, was unable to interpret her strange expression. There was uneasiness in the hard blue eyes, nervousness in her staccato speech, but a certain savage satisfaction, too. Her voice changed —became matter of fact.

" Oh, talk sense. When will you be home? Tomorrow morning? What do you mean ' morning ' ? . . . Before noon—all right. You can hang up now. *I'm* through! "

She banged the receiver up, shrugged her shoulders

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO LETTERS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

as if casting off a useless burden, and again turning to the telephone, called a number. Billie exclaimed, recognizing the familiar numerical sequence. "What are you calling a taxi for? You've got to stay here. You may have to talk to Ashton again. He might come. You can't tell."

"Oh, you're so well you don't need me any longer, and Ash is miles away. Don't worry." She turned to the instrument, gave her order. "And I'm not going home either, Miss Lang. I'm going back and catch up with my dates, now I'm sure that Ashton isn't going to raid me. You scared me for nothing. I had darned good reason to know he was in Philly. I should have known better than run over here in a blue funk. Well, it's not much time lost, anyhow."

"You're not going!" cried Billie, aghast. "You shan't. I tell you, Ashton *is* here in the city. I don't care what he told you. There's something in the wind."

"You bet there is, old dear, and it isn't any perfume, either," Mildred unexpectedly agreed. "My kind ex-husband—so Ash told me—has been to call on him 'in person,' like the movies. Yes, in Philadelphia, early this evening, I gathered."

"Halliday!" cried Billie Lang. "Halliday! You—you—don't mean your husband?"

"The only other one I ever had," said Mildred airily. "He seems to have given Ash the cold shivers. I wonder what he told him."

Billie stared at Mildred, dumfounded at her stupid temerity. "And you mean to tell me that with an enemy like Rod Halliday on your trail, you're going to hand him things he can use against you, like tonight, for instance?"

Mrs. Ashton Clifford patted her curls, spit on a side lock, and plastered it to her rose-leaf cheek.

"I don't intend to be bullied," she remarked, nose in the air; "not unless they pay high for the privilege. Husbands past or present are in the same class when it comes to that. But what gets my goat is that Ashton let Rod get to him! I'd have bet my last dollar that he wouldn't have listened to a word he'd say. Well, I doped the old man up wrong, that's all. But I shan't let it cramp my style. Might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, if I can cash up more on the sheep. What I'm after now is wool! Wool—and lots of it!"

SHE was quickly readjusting her dress, settling the dip of her gauzy skirt, as she talked.

"Thanks for the alibi, anyway. You meant well; you always do. It's one of your faults. There's the taxi tooting—I'm off."

In spite of her disgust and resentment, Billie's voice was pleading.

"Don't go, please! Stay on here. There'll be a mess somehow, somewhere. I'm sure of it. Haven't you any gratitude? Even if you don't care for Ash any more, you married him and he's given you everything. He's crazy about you. For goodness' sake, after all this upset, don't go out again!"

Mildred preened herself. "Listen, Kewpie, I don't know that I've so much to thank him for. I wasn't unpopular or destitute when I married Ash. The Blue Ribbon girl of the Ziegfeld show isn't a nobody exactly. It takes more than a couple of millions to buy one of those *outright*, and if Ash thinks he owns me, that's his mistake; and if he rows me into lying to him, that's his look-out too—and if you don't mind my saying so, you'd do better to pick yourself a pâté-de-foie-gras meal ticket to pay your bills, and get over this idea that you're going to make grand opera. If you had a little fun yourself, now and again, you wouldn't be so blamed censorious of other people. Well, I'm going. Sorry I balled up your beauty sleep. Night."

She answered the summons. A boy with a packet. She recognized Ashton's superscription.

Mildred Clifford gathered the folds of her ermine wrap about her. "Oh, I'll be in before my maid comes in. I told her not to rout me out until eleven, because I'd be sitting up most of the night with you."

"Did she see you leave in that get-up to sit up with me?" asked Billie scornfully.

"Mercy, no," said Mildred at the door. "I still keep my membership at the Professional Club, and my locker with a couple or three changes. Ask me another one."

THE girl's illuminated figure against the black background of the darkness of the hall was like a bright picture. She was amazingly beautiful. At sight of her, Billie's anger died and anxiety returned.

"Please," she cried impulsively, "please stay! It's all *wrong*, I tell you. I'm afraid!"

"Stay at home, then," jeered Mildred.

The door closed between them. Rapid steps on the stairs—the slam of the outer door—silence.

Billie Lang ran to the window and threw it up. She would call; make one last effort to hold her. A wintry blast caught at her as she leaned out, but the words that crowded to her lips were withheld. Evidently Mildred's abandoned escort had had no intention of letting his partner slip away from him.

A man was crossing swiftly from the curb, talking eagerly as he leaned within the cab. The door opened, the taxi backed and turned. The man had entered and dropped beside Mildred in the intimacy of the darkened cubicle.

Billie drew back shivering, slammed down the window, and drew the shade. Disgust made her loathe the faint perfume of which Mildred was redolent, which still clung to the atmosphere of the room, and which even the inrush of the outer air had not been able altogether to dissipate. She glanced at the clock. A quarter of two. Mildred would go back to the Casual and dance till closing time, then to breakfast, and to crawl in at half-past six.

As for herself, Billie knew that she was done with sleep. Where would it all end? she wondered feverishly. And Ashton—good, kind, dependable Ashton. What must have been his reactions when confronted by his wife's former husband?

Billie had known Halliday—a strange, erratic man, given to violence and tricky moods.

Mildred had married him after a few weeks' acquaintance, swept along by his whirlwind courtship, and flat-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

tered by his fame as the most successful song writer of the decade.

Billie had been party to the sound and fury of the succeeding months of what was more like a comic strip than a page of married life. The final battles had been sanguinary. Mildred had alleged cruelty and had plenty of proof. His allegations had included everything from dope to attempted murder. People generally sympathized with the beauty, and were loud in their condemnation of the beast. Yet, he had loved Mildred truly after his fashion. There were many who maintained that no man living could have put up with the beauty's treachery and greediness. Certainly no man who was not under the spell of the passion she knew so well how to inspire. Halliday had remained vindictive in defeat.

Billie recalled him vividly. A thickset, lion-maned brute of a man with strange long hands that did not seem to belong to the rest of his body. She visioned him face to face with gentle, well-bred Ashton Clifford, mouthing his foul accusations of Ashton's wife! Billie wondered what had actually taken place. It was like Halliday to have thought of this outrageous intrusion.

Her thoughts wandered to Ed Billings, the man Mildred had confessed she was out with. A creature of the night clubs; a man against whom ugly whispers were forever stirring. He was getting money from Mildred, of course. He was not the sort who would waste time—that meant money—on any woman, however beautiful, if she would not produce. And his friends! Billie pictured the table at the Casual Club. Mildred queening it among crooks—not even decent crooks—if such a thing could be.

HAD Halliday thrown Billings' name at Ashton? What would Ashton do about it? As for Mildred, she felt secure in her beauty, as she always did. It was for her to leave a man when she chose. It was her firm belief that no male in his senses would willingly let her go, no matter how she chose to comport herself. Billie, sick at heart, had to concede the fact of that almost divine loveliness.

For hours she paced the floor. The street began to rumble with the heavy trucking traffic of the early hours. Mildred would be going home now, letting herself in with her latchkey, tiptoeing to her luxurious bedroom, putting away cobweb stockings and bright slippers, hanging the geranium gown in its sheath in the enormous hanging closet, throwing street shoes and stockings by the bedside, a tailored gown on the floor, with the black fox scarf flung on to the chaise longue for good measure to fool the maid—futile comedy!

She, Billie, would have to come to the defense, as usual, with lying alibis. Ashton would believe whatever she said, knowing how she hated untruths. Her love ground her between the millstones, but if he wanted to be blind, she must help to bind his eyes.

She was tired after her long vigil, but she could know no rest. At half-past 6 she brewed herself a cup of coffee. The maid, who slept out, might not appear for hours, and she felt faint with anxiety and fatigue.

At 11 she must pull herself together for her singing lesson—those expensive steps to fame for which she gave up every other luxury. There was no bird in her throat this morning. There was no melody in the world—only discord.

EIGHT o'clock. She bathed and dressed. Perhaps if she took a bus to the park and walked hard for an hour or two she might feel better.

As she took down her coat and hat the doorbell rang. The maid, of course, earlier than usual, and having forgotten her latchkey. She pressed the button that released the catch below, opened her door, and returned to her bedroom. A knock—his voice:

"May I come in?"

She stood rooted to the spot, speechless from shock.

"Are you all asleep? Am I waking everybody up again?"

Billie Lang stumbled into the living room. "Come in," she croaked hoarsely. "Ash, I—I suppose you've come for Mildred. She's home. I made her go—after—after you phoned. I'm all right, you see, since I'm—I'm up and dressed."

"Yes, so I see," he said gravely and, without invitation, slipped out of his overcoat and tossed his hat on the divan.

He sat down and helped himself to a cigarette from the open box on the table.

"Billie," he said slowly, "I want to talk to you."

Her heart stopped. She could feel herself going white. He was going to put her upon the witness stand, and she did not know how to defend herself or Mildred or him. She managed to raise her eyes to his, and gasped as she took in the ravaged look of him. His face was lined and gray, his eyes sunken in discolored sockets, his mouth thin with compression, etched with pain. He raised a hand—its movement was almost the act of blessing.

"Billie, hear me out before you say anything, will you? First, I want to thank you. You have been a loyal friend to both of us—you've done your best with a rotten deal—Oh, I know. I made the mistake of my life in marrying Mildred. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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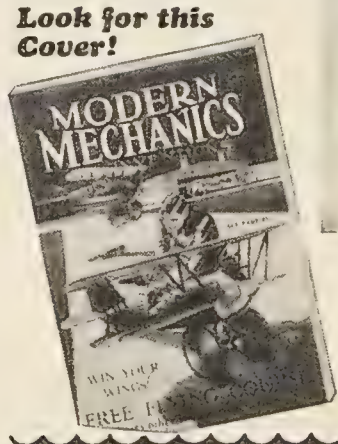

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TWO LETTERS
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know it. In short order, she's the most beautiful thing in the world, but, when you've said that, you've said it all. I'm the goat, but that doesn't let me out. I'm in honor bound to take care of her if I can, and if she'll let me.

"I came here to get her because, from what I've seen of Rodney Halliday, I believe she's in deadly danger—on the street, at her own door, anywhere. I thought if I came for her, like this, in the early morning, she'd take it in that it's serious. You heard her last night on the phone: 'What of it?' 'What's that to me?' She's blind!

"Of course, I wouldn't let him have the satisfaction of seeing that I attached the least importance to anything he had to say. As a matter of fact, I knew it all before—or suspected it. I saw him because I was curious to see for myself what sort of man he was, and what was to be expected from him, for her sake. Well, I saw, and believe he's insane. Anyway, he's as dangerous as a viper. He told me about this man, Ed Billings, she's honoring with her attentions. He's a bad lot. I put a detective on to him a month ago. She's between the devil and the deep sea with those two, and Billings is only the deep sea."

A sense of relief had submerged every other feeling in Billie Lang's heart. Ashton knew! He knew and understood that she had been an unwilling party to deceptions innumerable—unwilling, yet desperately trying to do what seemed best. He knew, and, like the man she had always recognized him to be, he was defending the woman he had married, in spite of the indignities she had put upon him.

"She thinks I'm just a fool. She believes her beauty is a complete armor, invulnerable. If I told her that a jealous woman would throw vitriol in her face, she'd be afraid, but a man—a husband, a lover, *any* man—never! To her they are just marionettes she pulls about with strings. You *can't* make her afraid of them!"

ASHTON passed his hands through his hair absently. His eyes had grown misty with gloomy foreboding.

"Tell me," said Billie at length. "Were you really in Philadelphia when you phoned? I didn't believe it. Long distance wasn't announced, nobody called 'time.' I was certain you were here. I told her so."

He shook his head. "A friend's private wire, that's why."

"Where was she bound for when she left here?" he asked presently.

She hesitated. Even now she could not bear to turn informer.

"Never mind," he said quickly. "You needn't tell me. I only want to be sure she is safe. She'll be at home now. I'll call the house."

He got the number promptly. "That you, Saunders? This is Mr. Clifford speaking. Ask Rose is Mrs. Clifford awake. If she is, I'll come home for breakfast. If she isn't, don't disturb her. I'll eat here in the station."

A wait, that lengthened ominously, followed.

"What?" exclaimed Clifford. "Oh, I see; she went to spend the night with Miss Lang and hasn't come home? All right, I'll call for her there. Thank you."

He hung up the receiver with a steady hand.

"She didn't go home at all," he said quietly. "What time was it when she left here? Better tell me everything now."

Billie's eyes were wide with fright.

"She left me at about half-past one or a quarter of two. She was going back to a party she had left with Ed Billings at the Casual Club. That's what she told me. It seems she keeps changes of clothes at the Professional Club. She'd left the house in street clothes, as if she were coming here. It's—it's what she's been in the habit of doing for—for—convenience."

"I see," he nodded. "It's Billings I've got to trace. I'll try and get the man from the detective agency who followed him before. He knows his habits and his hangouts. Who else was in the party?"

Billie shook her head. "She didn't say, but I looked out of the window when she went down to the taxi she had telephoned for. A man was waiting for her, for I

saw him follow her into the cab. It must have been Billings. He followed her when she left the night club, of course."

"Oh, it was Billings, all right," he said mechanically. "I'll get the agency." He turned toward the telephone, but even as he did so it rang.

Billie raised her hand in quick warning and took up the receiver.

"Yes? What is it? . . . Why, yes, Billie is my nickname. Why? Who is this, please?" She glanced at Clifford in evident mystification. "Mr. Morrison of the World? Will I see you? What for?"

Suddenly she reeled, her face turned ashen.

"Let me!" Ashton exclaimed, impulsively coming forward. She caught his outstretched hand and held it back, and spoke again.

"Yes, I know a woman like that—very beautiful—yellow hair. What's happened? . . . You found a scrap of paper with 'Billie's new number'—this number—on it? . . . Yes. But why— Is she ill? . . . No! No! She isn't dead, she can't be—dead!" She sank to her knees by the telephone stand, the receiver rattling to the floor.

She recovered her presence of mind in a flash, as she again pushed Clifford's hand aside and caught up the fallen instrument. Still kneeling, she found an engagement notebook and its accompanying pencil on the taboret, scribbling as she resumed the broken connection. She shoved the paper toward him with a shaking hand.

"Keep out of it," she had scrawled.

"Yes, I know who it is. I think I do," she spoke to her invisible interrogator. "Shall I tell?" Her lips formed the words soundlessly.

Ashton nodded. Obviously there was no use in concealment.

"She's Mrs. Ashton Clifford," she admitted. Her voice had the quality of that of a talking doll. Its strangeness reached even to her own affrighted ears, and Ashton winced.

THE statement had evidently created a deep impression on the recipient.

"Yes, that is right." Billie was evidently answering a volley of questions. "See you? Why see me?" Still her voice was like that of a sleepwalker.

Ashton caught her shoulder and pressed it firmly. She turned to him and he shook his head. At his touch, her natural resourcefulness quickened.

"No, I shan't tell you my name. They won't give it to you. This is a private number."

Ashton was writing. He held the slip before her eyes:

"Tell them to get in touch with me—that I'm expected this morning—may be at my home now. Give them the house number."

All in one breath, she followed the instructions.

"Where is she?" Ashton wrote.

She repeated each hasty sentence of the imparted information as if she found its purport impossible to believe.

"On the Bronx Parkway—a high-powered roadster smashed into the stone wall of the bridge—both killed at once."

"Who—who was the—the other?" she asked, trembling.

"Billings, of course," Ashton whispered bitterly. "We've got to face that mess."

"What? . . . No!" Her face went blank with amazement. "But it can't be! You must be mistaken. Halliday! Rodney Halliday! It's impossible!"

She stared at Ashton. His face was livid with astonishment.

Rapid-fire interrogations were leaping over the line. She had not the power to refuse to answer.

"She was his wife—before. They haven't seen each other in years. . . . Exclusive story? What do you mean? . . . No—no! . . . I won't—I won't!"

She slammed up the receiver. With the duplicate of her own swift movement, Ashton removed it and set it on the table. The instrument sputtered in vain. In silence they stared at one another. Suddenly Ashton

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Nervous Golfer!

"A good drive combines all joys!" says the Isaac Walton of golf. But who can attain that utter felicity when underwear and nerves twitch in unholy unison?

If you know a nervous golfer who wiggle-waggles on every shot, give him this hot tip. Last summer, Lewis Golf Suit saved other nervous golfers millions of strokes. You just forget you have underwear on, in the perfect *freedom* of mind and muscle. Delightfully cool, too; it evaporates moisture so quickly. And the natural crotch support conserves your energy clear thru the match. There's only one original Golf Suit, the Lewis. Ask for it at your favorite store.

Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two-piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort—with exceptional style—in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.

For Active Men in Every Field

Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every genuine Lewis Golf Suit.
If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements with a check for $5.00 for two suits postpaid.
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Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

Union Pacific

AMERICA'S NEWEST, GRANDEST WONDERLANDS— NO OTHER VACATION TRIP EQUALS THIS—

The Grandeur of Zion National Park is unforgettable

See them this summer! You won't know America until you do. You won't know what relaxation can be until you've lost your cares in the silent magnificence of sky and mountains—and breathed the tonic of western climate!

You won't know the rainbow immensity of great canyons—until you've seen Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks, and the Grand Canyon itself. You won't know the charm and mystery of deer-filled forests until you've seen the Kaibab. You won't know the magnificence of water hurling itself into the sky until you've seen the proud geysers of Yellowstone. You won't know the breath-taking spectacle of ocean and mountains till you visit California, or the spell of the Rockies till you see Rocky Mountain National Park.

The cities, too, are among the most interesting in the world, Denver, the mile-high Queen City of the Plains; Ogden, Salt Lake City, capital of the Mormons; Portland, City of Roses; Seattle and Tacoma on lovely Puget Sound; Spokane, of the Inland Empire; San Francisco, romantic and sophisticated; Los Angeles, the movie metropolis — each with its own unforgettable atmosphere.

Come out to the West this summer! To the best of the West —the Union Pacific West, which includes Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, California, the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, and fifteen great National Parks.

You may go independently, or in an Escorted All-Expense Tour. The low cost will amaze you. Send coupon today.

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 340
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet about Zion-Bryce Canyon — Grand Canyon National Parks. I am also interested in: ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ Yellowstone ☐ Colorado ☐ California ☐ Dude Ranches ☐ Escorted All-Expense Tours ☐ Hawaii

*If student, state grade*_____

Name_____ Street _____

City_____ State _____

leaned forward and let his head fall into his hands.

"It's my fault," he groaned.

"Why?" She looked at his rumpled dark hair and the tips of his gripping fingers in wonderment.

"I should have tried to reach her sooner," he moaned. "Right after he left me. But I sat and thought things out. I should have acted instead of thinking, but I felt pretty rocky. I shouldn't have hesitated. I should have jumped—that was the right and decent thing. I should have come straight on. I could have stopped him."

She shook her head. "No, I don't believe it. But how did it happen? He couldn't have kidnaped her, could he?"

"I don't know," he answered dully. "No, of course not!" He was on his feet with a bound, suddenly his adroit executive self once again.

"I must get out of here. My being here at all demands explanations that perhaps we will not want to give, for her sake—perhaps even for yours. I'm going to get to the Penn Station, get my bags, and go home. And from there on do the best I can. I'll keep in touch with you when I'm able to without hauling you into it. When you are traced and located, as of course you will be, tell your story of her having come to see how you were. Finding you better, she went back, as she told you, to join the party. That's all you know—that and nothing more."

He paused as, coated and hatted, he reached the door, turned and came back. His hand fell upon her shoulder, and his voice was warm.

"Billie, you are a tower of strength built of pure gold."

She did not wince under the pain of his nervous grip; instead she smiled. He was gone.

IN the silence of the room the receiver off the hook still continued to give forth vague protesting noises. She sank down on the edge of her bed.

Mildred dead! Mildred dead! The words seemed shouted in her ears.

But Halliday! How could it have happened? Could it have been Halliday she had seen waylay Mildred? She must have gone with him willingly. How could he have coerced her? It wasn't possible. She recalled Mildred's smoldering eyes, her scorn of all men, her complete self-confidence.

Halliday had been in Philadelphia, had seen Clifford there—at what time? How could he have reached New York so quickly? Yet that, too, was possible.

Hour after hour her weary thoughts swept in ceaseless circles.

A glow of inner warm light suddenly suffused her being. Ashton was free! The shameful shackles of his marriage had been struck from him at one blow. He was free! Had he as yet realized it? No, not yet. Mystery and horror must have enveloped him even as they had beclouded her.

She must not be happy, when Ashton must at this very moment be at the scene of the accident; be making arrangements for Mildred's last home-coming.

A ring at the doorbell startled her. She hesitated. The reporter might have learned her address. She shrank from the ordeal. On the other hand, why try to delay the investigation for which she was prepared?

At last she answered the insistent summons. A boy with a packet. She recognized Ashton's superscription as she signed the slip and dismissed the messenger.

She closed the door and returned to her place by the telephone.

The long envelope contained two inclosures and a note in his familiar writing, exaggerated now, as if whipped by excitement.

These letters [she read] were waiting for me at the house. His had been delivered by hand just before midnight from a telegraph station. It was written, evidently, before he intercepted her. Mildred's note was on the writing table in my room. Read hers first. I am leaving now. I have been summoned. A reporter was on the doorstep when I arrived. I'll send this when I can find an opportunity to evade them all. Keep the letters and say nothing about them to anyone. Let

the mystery end in the stone wall that brought it to light. I want only you to read and know.

His initials were scrawled beneath.

She withdrew the letter from the envelope directed curtly to "Ashton." Mildred's irregular script, forcing a dozen words into the space where six should be, lay spread before her on the crumpled pages:

I'm leaving you for good and all. I'm fed up. I suppose you'll have a fit when you find out I've left you for my ex. Well, I'm surprised myself, a little, *but he loves me.* He made himself a pest being jealous, but so did you, and so I suppose would any man.

He's mad about me, which you aren't. He said he'd commit murder for me, and I believe it. He's come back after me because he can't live without me, and I guess that's true, too.

You've been a tightwad to me all the time. I'm sick of cajoling for money. Rod has made millions this last year. He doesn't know himself how rich he is. He swears he only wanted it to win me back with. He's going to make over a million to me outright—for my own! Think I'm going to pass that up? Not much! Anyway, I know the worst about him. I know what I'm getting and so does he, so nobody's going to be fooled this time. You're better off without me anyway, I don't mind telling you. I'm taking just an overnight bag and my jewel case. You can give my cast-offs to Billie Lang. Give her my thanks for the alibis. Rod is waiting outside in his car, so I'm off. Me for the high spots. MILDRED.

Billie Lang laid down the letter. The mystery was explained. Money—excitement—recklessness, that was Mildred. Stupid, beautiful, selfish Mildred. She had thought that she knew the worst; just what she might have to expect.

How little she had guessed what awaited her!

Billie brushed her hand before her eyes, and with a nervous sob turned to the other letter—addressed to Ashton Clifford in a man's heavy hand.

Old Man [it began. Strange that he should address Ashton like that!]: When you get this, if I haven't grossly miscalculated, it will be all over—or getting there. Maybe you wondered why I followed you up and insisted on seeing you face to face when I could have spilled all the dirt by letter.

Fact was, I wanted to look you over. I wanted to size you up. What you were would help me to decide what to do. It did.

Mildred shall not spoil your life as she has spoiled mine. You don't love her as I do—if you love her at all now, which I doubt.

You're discreet, and she's a devil. Devil or not, I can't live without her, and that's cold fact. I had thought of taking myself out of it, but this way is better.

I'll take her with me, where she can't wreck other men—men like you, who rate an honest life to live honestly. I know Mildred. I know how to bait the trap, and I've baited it. She'll come with me. Forgive me, or thank me, as you please.

I'm making you a present, whether you realize it now or not—your own self; your own life. As for mine and Mildred's, forget it. We're not worth a damn or a thank you.

I who am about to die salute you!

Your predecessor both here and in the hereafter—if any.

RODNEY HALLIDAY.

THE END

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Poison Christmas Gift, the seventh problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Mrs. R. E. Tinsley,
7911 Crandon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To Schuyler C. Hodge,
719 City National Building, Miami, Florida.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To Dr. W. Frank Beck,
Lakemont, Altoona, Pennsylvania.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To Nellie B. Scott,
693 Couch Street, Portland, Oregon.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES $25 EACH

To George S. Seymour, 1223 East Fifty-third Street, Chicago, Ill.; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Fellow, American Institute of Chemists, 29 Virgil Avenue, Buffalo, New York; E. E. Johnston, Durant Hotel, Flint, Michigan; Charles S. Clark, 25 Mosholu Parkway, East, New York City.

Prize awards for the eighth problem, The Mystery of the Lost Heiress, will be announced next week.

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

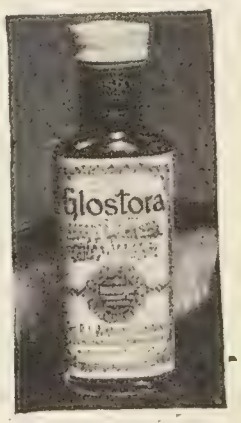
Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Try It FREE

29-G-44

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

Address .....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.

A Party for Mother

By
ETHEL SOMERS

Floral food forms and real flowers make the Mother's Day table attractive.

NOW that spring cleaning is over and Mother is at ease, why not have a party in her honor to celebrate Mother's Day? Nothing will please her quite so much as a family gathering with daughter in charge. Perhaps even the out-of-town children will be glad to return on Mother's Day.

If there is a large gathering, serve the menu in buffet style, sitting about the dining room, but back from the table, or use card tables placed about the living room. The menu selected may be a simple one that even an amateur, with a bit of interest and effort, can produce. A floral color scheme of pink, white, and green is in keeping with the Mother's Day carnation.

White and tinted carnations may be contrived from radishes with the aid of a French knife and ice water. Cut almost to the stem.

MENU

Savory Appetizer with Radish Carnations
Chicken à la King on Heart Rosettes
Au Gratin Potatoes
Peas in Timbales (Edged with Minced Parsley)
Radish Carnations Olives Celery
Heart Slaw
Rolls Butter
Strawberry Fluff
Carnation Coconut Sweetmeats
Assorted Candies Coffee

DETAILED directions for preparing creamed chicken, chicken à la king, au gratin potatoes, and other dishes on this Mother's Day menu, will be found in the three LIBERTY cookbooks. The price of each book is only 10 cents; you may have all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon herewith.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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City.....State.....

5-11-29

Savory Appetizer

6 slices fried bacon, chopped
¼ cup minced pimento
2 tablespoons minced olives
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
Lettuce, if desired
12 thin slices bread
6 radish carnations

MIX the first four ingredients until well blended and use as a sandwich filling. If desired, lettuce may be added to the sandwich. Place the six sandwiches on a broiler rack about four inches below the broiling flame turned on full and toast to a delicate brown on both sides. Place each on a paper doily on a warm service plate. Garnish with a radish carnation and a bit of parsley.

Peas in Timbales

DIP the edges of browned timbale cups in slightly beaten egg white and then in finely minced parsley. Fill with green peas.

Radish Carnations

Red and white globe radishes
Ice water

REMOVE the leaves from the radishes, leaving from one-half to one inch of the stem length. Wash scrupulously clean. Using a French knife, cut with very deep strokes into carnationlike petals. Drop into ice water and let stand several hours. Drain thoroughly.

Heart Slaw

¼ cup lemon juice or vinegar
2 to 3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 eggs
1 tablespoon butter
4 tablespoons cream
3 cups red cabbage

HEAT the lemon juice or vinegar and seasonings to boiling. Stir into the eggs, which have been beaten in the top of a double boiler. Stir and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens to a degree that when it is dropped from a spoon it leaves a small sunken area. Add the butter and cream, and while the dressing is hot pour it over the finely shredded crisp young cabbage.

Chill the salad and mold into heart shapes. Serve the salad hearts on beds of crisp lettuce with or without French dressing.

Strawberry Fluff

1 quart strawberries
¼ cup confectioner's sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
10 to 12 fresh marshmallows
1 cup cream, whipped

WASH, drain, and halve the berries. Reserve one cupful of these to be piled together in flowerlike forms to garnish the finished dessert. Add the confectioner's sugar and quartered marshmallows to the strawberries and chill. After adding the vanilla flavoring, whip the chilled cream, taking care not to overbeat it, as this would make it curdle. Fold the cream into the strawberry-marshmallow mixture and pile into glasses for serving. Garnish with the reserved berries and keep well iced until ready to serve.

Carnation Coconut Sweetmeats

½ cup powdered sugar
2 cups shredded coconut
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 egg whites

COMBINE the dry ingredients, then add the vanilla. Beat the egg whites stiff. Fold these into the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to a greased, floured baking sheet. The mixture may be made to resemble pink and white carnations by coloring half of the recipe pink and arranging both pink and white batter on the baking sheet in carnationlike shapes. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for fifteen to twenty-five minutes or until crisp. The time of baking depends upon the thickness. Cool and place on the service plates together with carnation stems, which may be had at the florist's or may be reserved when making the place-card bouquets.

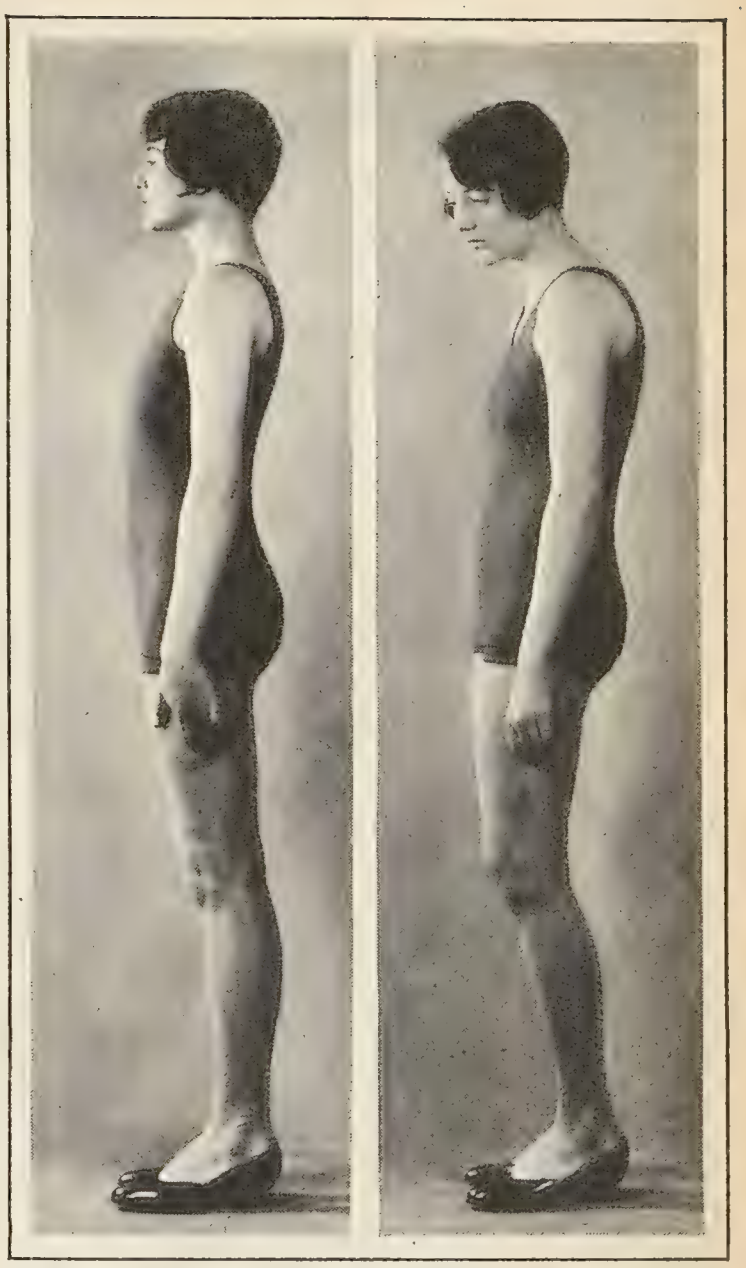
Don't Slump!

By Eileen Bourne

IN battling for the silhouette of youth, don't put all your confidence in calories. There's more of youth in drawing yourself up tall when you walk, sit, and stand than in drawing away from the table before the dessert is sprung. The rounded back, protruding abdomen, sunken chest, and flat-foot walk are definite age signs which are warded off by better posture. So check yourself up on the everyday habits illustrated on this page.

Sit tall, with your lower spine and shoulders well back in the chair.

Don't slide down with your lower spine forward on the chair.

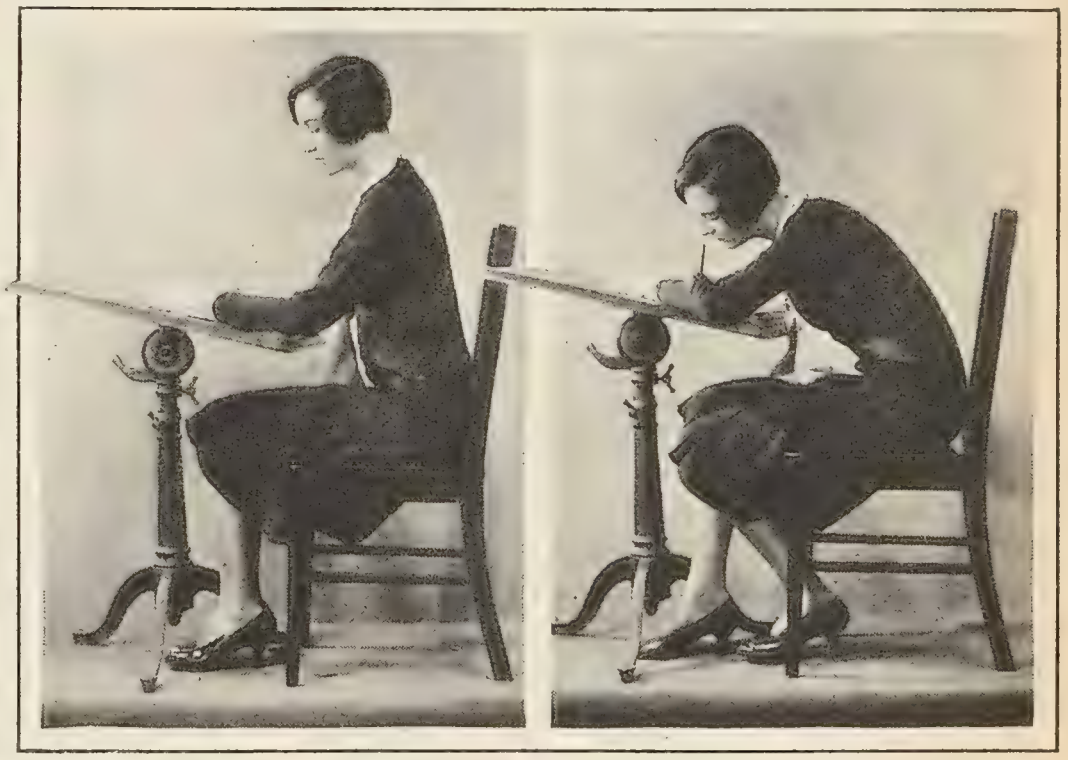


Stand tall, as if hung by the head, feet parallel, toes straight forward.

Don't stand slumped, with stomach protruding, and knees droopy.

Walk with toes straight, letting weight fall on arches and not on heels.

Don't make yourself look older and feet larger by turning them outward.



When you are working at desk, drawing board, or table, lean forward from the hips.

Don't lean ungracefully forward from the waist, the shoulders, and the neck.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

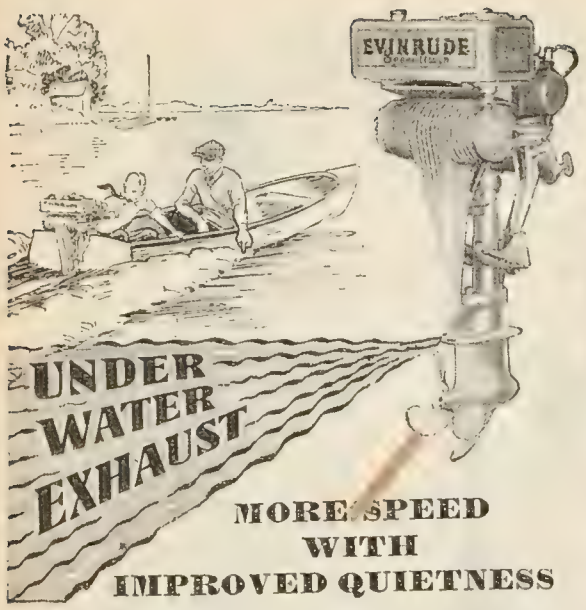
LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

City .....State 143



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The turning propeller, and the water friction at the underwater outlet literally suck gases out of the motor, giving as much speed as if no muffling were used.

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A NEW LAWN MOWER
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Here's $15.00. Ship me a MONTAMOWER prepaid.
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How Many Mistakes Here?

How many of the eight mistakes made by the artist in drawing this picture can you detect? Try to find all of them before you turn to the list on page 79.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Ha! Ha!

My granddaughter, aged four, spent the night with her parents at Minnetonka. In the morning she asked her mother what the noise was she heard. Her mother replied it was Minnehaha Falls.

"I thought I heard Minnie ha! ha! all night," she said.—Cora J. Burberry, Herring Hotel, Amarillo, Tex.

* * *

Testing Father's Prestige

A boy of five years had long admired the bright red garden tools displayed in the hardware store window. When his father was appointed police officer in the small suburban town, the child decided to test his father's prestige.

Entering the store, he smilingly asked the owner: "Have you got any little rake and shovel and hoe for a son of a policeman?"—Mrs. A. E. Bonotaux, 14 Birchwood Rd., Glen Rock, N. J.

Poems You Ought *to* Know

A Deed and a Word

By CHARLES MACKAY

[Charles Mackay was born at Perth in 1814. He was the editor of the Glasgow Argus, and later of the Illustrated London News. He died at London in 1889.]

A LITTLE stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside. . . .

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Down hill.. a railroad.. a screech of brakes.. ten tons of fury thrown on your tires.. *regrets then won't give you this better tire*

Made with a margin of safety that also adds a multitude of extra miles . . . . . .

THE *new* Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon more than meets the *imperative* need for a safer tire. It's big! It's tough! It defies the burning fury of flying speed . . . the hurtling stop of four-wheel brakes. It's a tire that challenges the power of any car. And a tire that will go out and put new mileage records on your speedometer.

This big and mighty tire is a new member of a famous family. It's stabilized. And it's the greatest THOROBRED that Dayton has ever built . . . it meets the needs of tomorrow. A greater tire than the revolutionary Pioneer Low Air Pressure Cord and the sensational original Stabilized Balloon.

The Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon is built as only Dayton could build it . . . as a master watch is built . . . as the finest motor cars are made . . . in a factory where every operation is checked and rechecked . . . with materials that meet the most rigid chemical and physical tests . . . with almost unbelievable scientific precision and individual care.

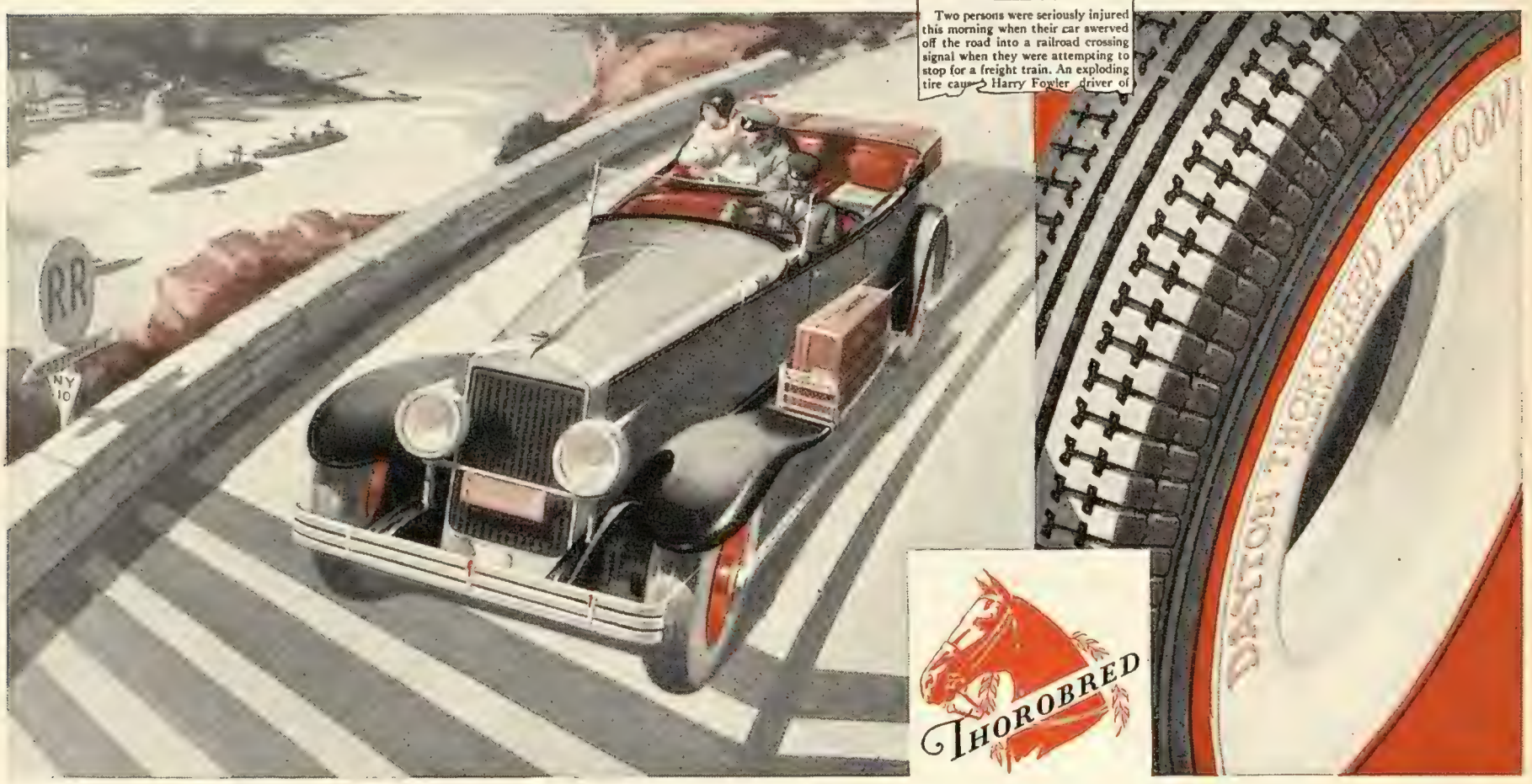
Yes, the Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED is built to make history. It is thicker . . . wider . . . heavier . . . sturdier. It is practically impervious to cuts and punctures, with a tread of unusual toughness. It stands up under terrific punishment. It gives you a measure of added safety that is beyond price. *And yet the cost is amazingly low.*

See your Dayton dealer. The highest class of tire dealers in America handle Daytons. The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio.

AUTO MISSES TRAIN, HITS SIGNAL POST

Tire Blows, Sends Car Off Road into Warning Sign

Two persons were seriously injured this morning when their car swerved off the road into a railroad crossing signal when they were attempting to stop for a freight train. An exploding tire caus[illegible] Harry Fowler, driver of



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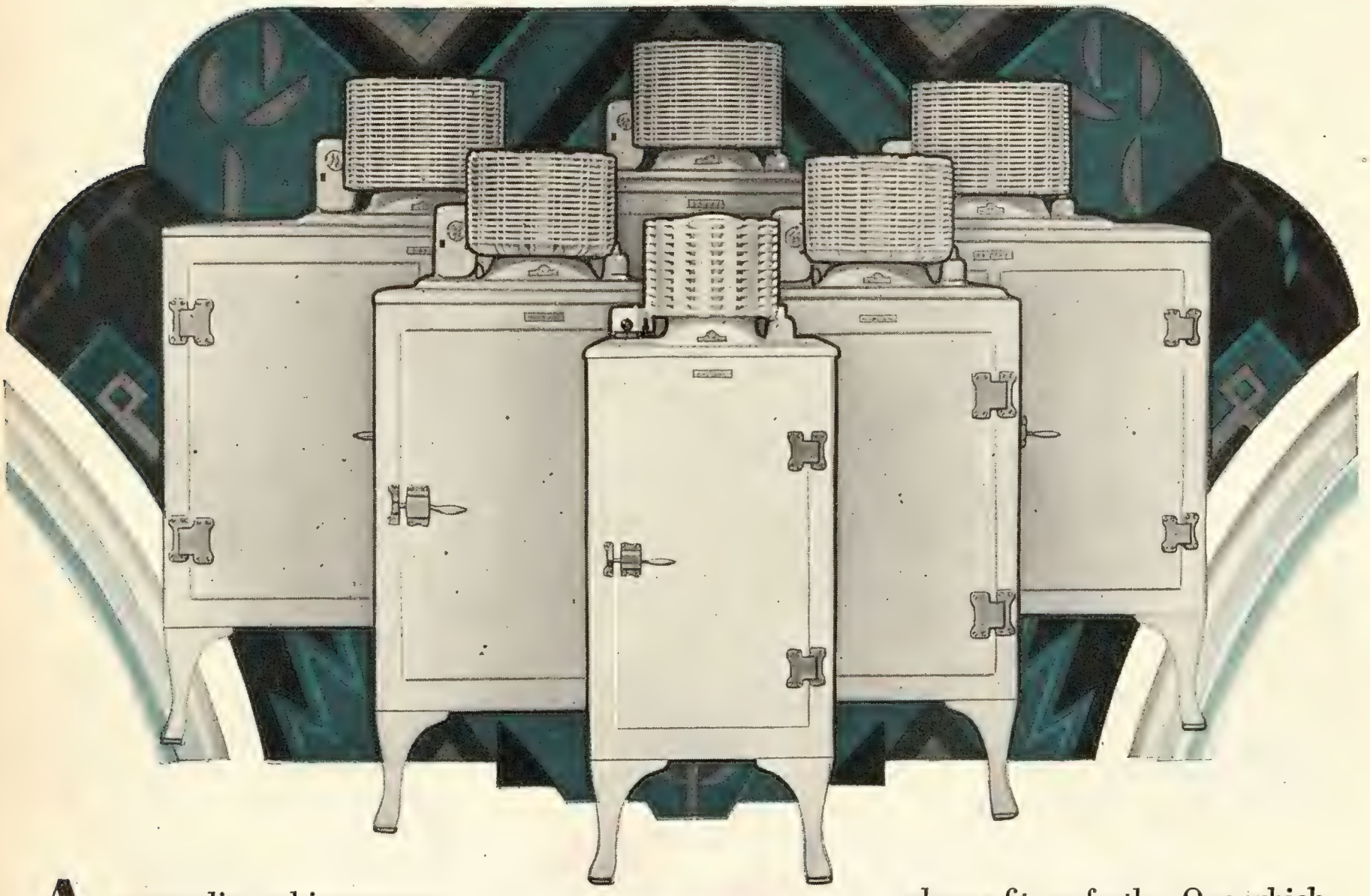

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

" I heard you playing, and I came because I've done mad things all my life when I've wanted to."

FOOL ERRANT

A Strange Woman Plays a Strange Part

in a New Episode of the Serial

By

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

HUGO ROSS was trying to find Loveday Leigh. He followed a strange man up a dark London stairway and overheard his conversation with a woman. Loveday was in danger! The man went down again and the woman—Maggie—admitted that the girl was to be carried on to a ship—because she knew too much.

Maggie gave Hugo a key. He opened a door, found Loveday, and together they climbed out of a window, over roofs, and into a little attic beyond.

The adventure had begun days before, when Hugo bumped into Loveday in the pitch-blackness of the lane beyond Meade House, out from London. She told him, then, that she was running away because she didn't want to marry " James," and he told her he was going to try for a job at Meade House, as secretary to Ambrose Minstrel, the eminent inventor.

At this she cried, " Oh, you mustn't! "

Her train came that moment. She was gone without an explanation, and he hadn't even seen her face.

Hugo got the position as secretary. A few days later Loveday telephoned and arranged to meet him in London. But she didn't meet him. A girl posing as Loveday met him. He was sure it was Cissy, whom Loveday had joined in London—Cissy, who knew Hacker, Minstrel's assistant. Hugo pretended to be taken in, but when he could get away he went straight with his bewilderment to Mr. Benbow Smith of the Foreign Office, and told him of Cissy's masquerade, and that two men, Rice and Miller, were acting as if he had something valuable for sale. Mr. Smith's fear was that Minstrel wanted traitorously to dispose of his new invention to a foreign government, and would try to fix on Hugo the disgrace of stealing and selling the plans.

Young Ross and Loveday talked all this over in the still,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

strange attic. Hugo learned that Mr. Smith was right. Loveday had overheard a conversation between Minstrel and Hacker; that was why they wanted her out of England. The two got safely into the street, Loveday to go home to Ledlington and Hugo back to Meade House. There Mr. Smith sent him a secret messenger to give him a most important-looking envelope.

Oppressed by the house, Hugo took his flute and went into a near-by wood.

PART SEVEN

THE wood was a very nice place. The notes of the flute dropped into the wind like water. From where Hugo sat he could see a little glade opening before him. The trees stood all round it in a ring. Hugo began to feel very happy. He had opened a door and walked right out of his adventure into a place which was full of wind and music and the rustle of leaves. Presently he would go back through the door and go on with the adventure again. He did not know that the door had opened of itself, and that the adventure was following him.

He began to think about Loveday. He felt immensely happy when he thought about her. He did not mind not being able to go and see her—she was here. His thought was full of her.

He began to play a tune that he had picked out for himself. He and Susan had had an Irish nurse who crooned them to sleep with it, and if he had ever known the words, he had lost them again. It was just a tune that reminded him of Loveday, and he played it and played with it, and put little turns and twirls to it, and quite forgot to play in a whisper for fear of being overheard. Then all at once, just as he was beginning the tune again, he had the most curious sensation: the flute seemed to be playing by itself. He stopped in the middle of a bar, and the air went on, very sweet and clear but rather far away. The clear fluting sound came from the other side of the glade. He heard a twig snap. The wind blew and the leaves rustled. The tune took words to itself:

He began to play a tune that he had picked out for himself.

"New hope may bloom, and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

HUGO leaned forward on his branch. The far side of the glade was in black shadow. On the edge of the shadow something moved and came out into the misty moonlight. There it stood still, a small dark shadow. A high, clear voice called: "Where are you?"

It wasn't Loveday. Hugo had known all along that it wasn't Loveday; and yet he felt the queerest sense of disappointment. What was anyone else doing to come into this enchantment of wind and shadow and moonlight and call to him? It should have been Loveday; and it wasn't Loveday.

He stayed still, leaning forward, holding on to the branch on which he sat.

"Where are you?" asked the clear, high voice.

Hugo remembered his manners. He dropped to the ground and said, "I'm here"; and then, as he walked toward her, "D-d-d-did you w-want anything?"

He could hear her humming the air he had played. As he came nearer, he saw that she was wrapped in a long velvet cloak and hood.

"C-can I do anything for you?"

He stopped a couple of yards away, and got a queer half glance.

"You can tell me who you are."

No one could have said that she had a brogue, but there was just the least soft Irish touch on the words.

"My n-name is Ross."

The little cloaked lady sketched a curtsey.

"Mine is Hélène de Lara. And now we're introduced, and you're wondering what in the world I'm doing, interrupting you like this."

She pushed back the hood as she spoke. The moonlight showed him a curious little face which reminded him of a monkey, and the palest hair he had ever seen. The monkey was rather a pretty monkey, and it had a pair of eyes like black pools; altogether an elfin apparition and quite at home in a forest glade.

"I heard you playing," she said.

Hugo said nothing. One bit of him was feeling shy and tongue-tied, and another bit suspicious and alert. He wondered what Mme. de Lara wanted, and he thought he would wait and see. She went on speaking:

"I heard you playing, and I came because I've done mad things all my life when I've wanted to—and sometimes when I haven't." She paused and laughed a little laugh. "Ah, well, if you've never done a mad thing just to please yourself, you won't know what I'm talking about, and I'll just say good night and go home."

All at once her voice changed; she went on without any pause: "Who taught you to play Irish melodies? For you're not Irish—are you?"

"N-NO. I didn't know it was an Irish tune—at least—"

"Didn't you know that you were playing Love's Young Dream?" She laughed again. "Perhaps we none of us know till it's over and the dream is gone."

"My nurse used to s-sing it—n-not the words—just the tune. She called it The Old Woman."

Helene de Lara nodded. Her cloak slipped and showed a silver dress.

"That's the name of the tune. Tommy Moore wrote sentimental words to it and called it Love's Young Dream. Won't you go on playing?"

The idea filled Hugo with horror; it also touched his sense of humor.

"I'm af-f-fraid—" He did not try to stammer, but neither did he try not to stammer.

"Poor romance!" said Hélène de Lara. "It has been killed, like all beautiful things, by fear. Everyone today is afraid of romance and poetry and beauty and youth and love—I'm afraid of them myself. Just for this moment, of course, I am mad, so I am not afraid—mad people are never afraid of being ridiculous—but when I am not mad I am just as much afraid as anybody else. I ask just as carefully, 'Is it done?' And if it is not done—*fi donc!*—I do not do it. And if it is done, it does not matter in the least how ugly and stupid and dull it is—I do it, and everybody else does it too, and we are bored.

"Only every now and then I have a mad moment, and I please myself and say what I think, or run out into the moonlight to listen to an old Irish song. Ah, well, we mustn't be mad for more than just a moment—must we?" Just above her breath she sang:

"Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love."

She put out her hand—a little hand with a great diamond that caught the light.

"Good-by, Mr. Ross."

He saw her turn to go with the swirl of the wind in the full black cloak; and then she looked round at him over her shoulder.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

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With perfect ease and comfort, Barbasol makes the face all fairway. It takes strokes off the razor and gives the cleanest, quickest shave.

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Today—step up to the nearest drug counter and speak up. One tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-two]

"You're at Meade House, aren't you? How is Ambrose?"

The question was, as it were, tossed at him, lightly and as if the answer mattered less than nothing; yet she turned back for the answer, and he saw that the hand with the diamond on it was pressed against her throat. He spoke as if he noticed nothing, but he thought perhaps he need not stammer any more; he was feeling too much interested to be shy. He said, "Oh, he's just as usual."

Mme. de Lara caught him up.

"As usual? What do you mean by that, now?"

Hugo said, "Oh—I don't know," and she took her hand from her throat to make a little gesture with it.

"What is usual with him—now? Is he ill? Is he well? Is he sad—or cross—or mad? Or is he only trying to drive everyone round him into Bedlam?" She laughed, a hard little laugh with an edge to it. "Any of these things might be usual with Ambrose."

Hugo was very decidedly interested. Mr. Smith had hinted at something more than a friendship between these two odd people. Hugo wondered why the lady should be at so much pains to give the fact away. And then it seemed to him that it was clever of her, because he might have heard rumors, and she was conveying the impression of a complete breach. He did not think it necessary to say anything.

Mme. de Lara came a step nearer.

"How discreet you are! You won't talk about Ambrose. I see. Am I allowed to inquire for Mr. Hacker? Or is that also *pays défendu?*"

HUGO looked puzzled. He still held his flute, but he began, now, to take it apart and slip it into his pocket. He said doubtfully: "Are they friends of yours?—Mr. Minstrel, I mean, and Hacker?"

He saw her lift her chin. She had the monkey's trick of sudden grimace. The odd, pretty face became vividly ugly for an instant.

"Perhaps we were friends—once. Ah, now, there's a bad word!" Her face wrinkled again. She said "*Once*" on what sounded like an angry sob; and then, very quickly and passionately, "I was young—once. And I was gay—once. And once—once—*once*—oh, once I was loved!"

Hugo felt like an actor who is suddenly carried away by his part; and he had forgotten that it was his part to be stupid and tongue-tied.

He said, speaking quickly and low, "Why not 'I was *sad* once'?"

She brushed her hand across her mournful eyes and laughed.

"Only *once?* Fortunate Mr. Ross! But you are young. What a lot of time there is for you to be sad in!" She laughed again. "Ah now, that's unkind of me—I'll take it back. And I'll go before we quarrel. It's so stupid to quarrel—but one doesn't think of that until it's too late. We'll be wiser. Good-by." The last word had a sort of sober sadness.

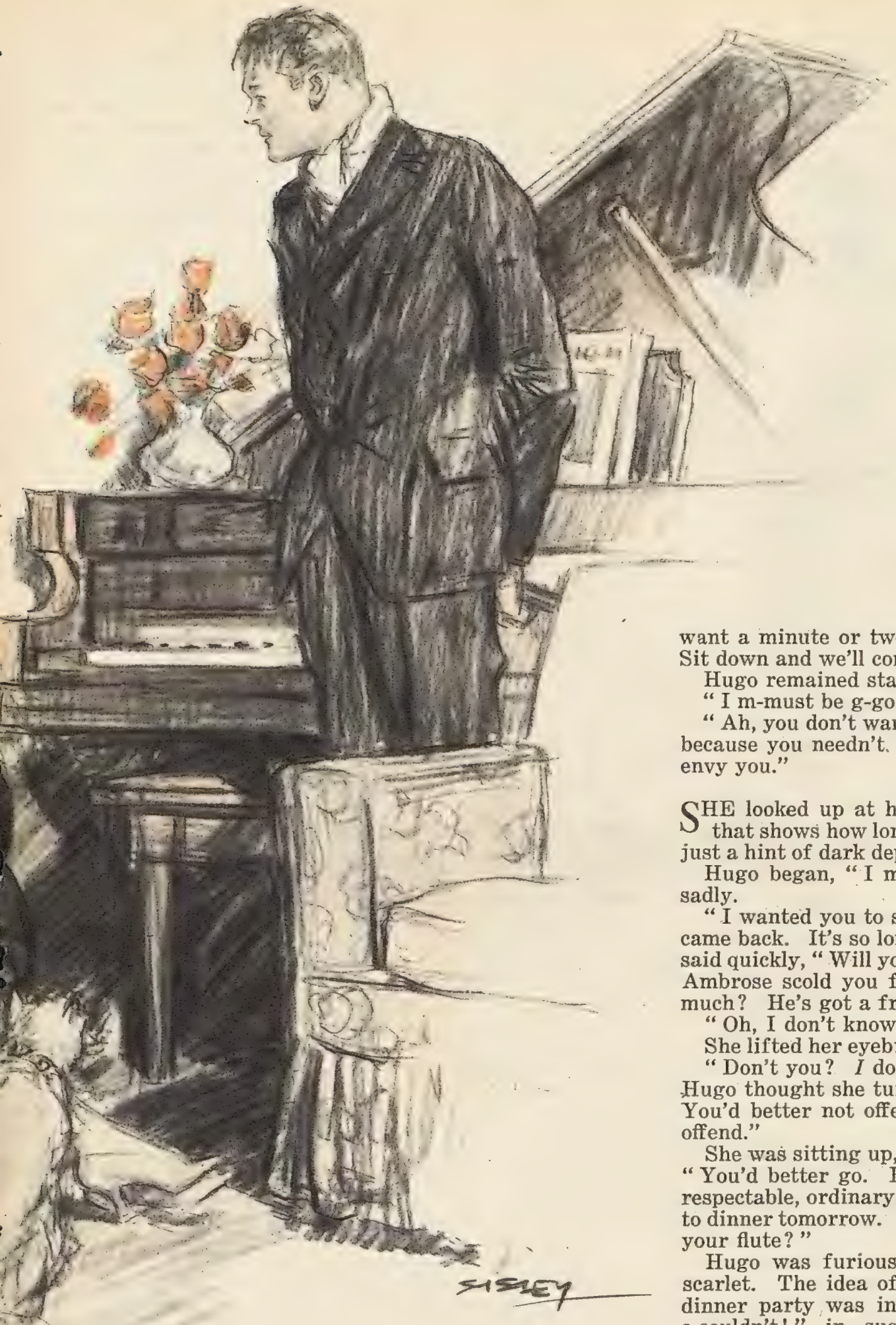
Hugo said good-by, and watched her walk away. The acting had moved him. He had never watched acting that had moved him more. If the world was Hélène de Lara's stage, she brought to it a surprising gift.

She went slowly away down the glade, moving with a grace that touched the imagination. Hugo watched her, and wondered if the curtain were really going to fall. He thought not.

It seemed that he was right, for just short of the deep shadow at the edge of the glade the lady tripped, cried out, and fell. When Hugo reached her, she was trying to rise, but not making much of a success of it. She laughed up at him.

"This is what comes of being mad! I've twisted my foot. That is to teach me not to run out in the moonlight, I expect. Ouf! How stupid of me! Will you give me your arm?"

He had to do more than that; he had to put his arm round her waist. This part of the play was decidedly pleasant. He wondered what came next. He would see her home, she would ask him in, and—Mr. Smith's words came back warningly: "It might be very dangerous for you to go to Mme. de Lara's house; but, on the other hand, it might be very advantageous."

"Am I very heavy?" said Hélène de Lara. "We're just on the path. I think I can manage once I get to the path—unless you are going to be so kind as to see me home."

Mme. de Lara sank into a chair and let her head fall back. " O-o-oh! " she said. It was a sigh of pain.

Hugo made the answer that was expected of him. He was thanked very prettily.

The path wound gently down between the trees. The moon looked through upon it, and the woods were full of the sighing noises of the night. He lifted her down half a dozen steps, unlatched a rustic gate, and came out upon the drive of Torring House.

" We will go round to the side," said Mme. de Lara.

" I can't see a thing," said Hugo.

They had turned into very deep shadow: the shadow of the house and the shadow of overhanging trees. He felt Hélène de Lara lean toward him, and he felt the pressure of her hand high up on his arm, where it clung for support.

They had some steps to mount, and came out upon a terrace. His feet felt gravel, and all at once he felt, rather than saw, the black mass of the house.

" Two more steps," said Mme. de Lara. " The glass door is not latched. Push it! "

They came into a dark room with a glow of firelight in it. It was warm, and it smelt of violets. Hélène de Lara steadied herself against his shoulder and touched the wall. The light came on and showed a little room full of flowers and soft chairs with bright-colored cushions.

Mme. de Lara sank into a chair and let her head fall back against an emerald cushion.

" O-o-oh! " she said. It was a sigh of pain.

" Shall I c-call someone? " said Hugo.

" Oh, no." She sat up. " I'm all right. I only want to sit still and not meet anyone for just a minute or two."

A smile touched her eyes. " I want a minute or two to come back—out of the woods. Sit down and we'll come back together."

Hugo remained standing.

" I m-must be g-going."

" Ah, you don't want to come back! And you're lucky, because you needn't. I—must! You don't know how I envy you."

SHE looked up at him and down again—the old trick that shows how long and dark the lashes are and gives just a hint of dark depths in the eyes.

Hugo began, " I m-must—" and she laughed a little sadly.

" I wanted you to stay—just for a little—just while I came back. It's so lonely coming back alone." Then she said quickly, " Will you get into trouble if you stay? Will Ambrose scold you for being late? Does he scold you much? He's got a frightful temper—hasn't he? "

" Oh, I don't know."

She lifted her eyebrows.

" Don't you? *I* do. He nearly strangled me once "—Hugo thought she turned a little paler—" he did, really. You'd better not offend him—he's a dangerous man to offend."

She was sitting up, now, and looking at him anxiously. " You'd better go. But will you come again in quite a respectable, ordinary way? I've got some people coming to dinner tomorrow. Will you come? And will you bring your flute? "

Hugo was furious because he felt himself blushing scarlet. The idea of being asked to play the flute at a dinner party was inconceivably horrible. He said, " I c-couldn't! " in such panic-stricken tones that she laughed.

" Then you shan't—you shall only play to the moon and to me." She put up her hand with a graceful gesture. " You'll come tomorrow? Ah, *do*, now! I think we might be friends. You'll come? "

As he took the hand, he wondered what he was to say. It might be dangerous to come, but it might be more dangerous to stay away and be suspected of being on his guard. He thought it would be safer to seem the fool they thought he was and to come.

He said, " Th-thank you," and felt the little hand press his before it slipped away.

He went out through the glass door and, looking back, saw Hélène de Lara standing there with her hand on the emerald curtains that hung before it. The light shone on her hair and on her silver dress. The curtains framed her for a moment before they fell. He was in the dark and had to grope his way down the steps.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Your Clothes in a "Blanket of GAS"

SEE how "Clothes Savers" are effectively used to KILL Moths, Eggs, and Larvae. These rings of protection may be hung on closet hooks, clothes hangers, in garment bags, in chests or placed wherever you wish protection.

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"Moth-Gas" is constantly vaporizing. This gas envelops the materials and penetrates even into their texture. No moths can survive it. Harmless to humans. "Moth-Gas" is a DRY, white substance... not a liquid or spray. Does not stain. The odor readily vanishes.

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[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-five]

At the bottom of the steps he stood still and looked back at the house. The moon was behind it, not high enough to clear the roof. He was marking the position of the door through which he had come, when a window sprang into view above it and a little to the right.

Someone had opened the window and was pulling back the curtains; light streamed from it. A girl leaned out; and Hugo's heart gave a sudden thump because the girl looked like Loveday. It was not Hélène de Lara. But how frightfully stupid of him to think of Loveday at Torring House! Loveday was at Ledlington with her cousin Emily Brown—Emily—featherbed—Brown. Loveday could not conceivably be here.

And then his heart gave another thump, because the girl turned back from the window. She had been leaning out of a corner of it, and as she turned back the light inside the room fell on her slantwise and Hugo saw her face. And it was Loveday—beyond all mistake or cavil it was Loveday.

A bewildered moment passed. His mind would not work. Loveday was at Ledlington—Loveday was here—Loveday couldn't possibly be here—Loveday *was* here. His mind simply would not work at all. His eyes stared at the window and saw Loveday pass slowly across it. She was there—and then she wasn't there any longer. He felt the need to get away and think. He simply had to think. He plunged into the deep shadow of the overarching trees, walked a few paces, and then stood still. What did it mean? What *could* it possibly mean? The suddenness of the thing was like the suddenness of a blow that knocks all the sense out of you. He had to steady himself and recover; he had to think. And, quite suddenly, he was able to think again.

MME. DE LARA had asked him to her house. Why? He didn't think it was for his *beaux yeux*. He didn't think that she had come on him by accident. She had asked him to her house because Loveday was there. She had asked him to her house because she, or someone else, wanted to see him meet Loveday. That meant that someone wasn't sure— He broke off and began again.

Daisy had come to him with a message from Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith had sent him a message to say Maggie had held her tongue. If Maggie had held her tongue, no one knew that he had come to number fifty in the dark and taken Loveday away. No one knew that he and Loveday had met since their first meeting in the lane. Cissy didn't know, and Hacker didn't know; so Mme. de Lara couldn't know. They didn't know that Loveday had warned him, or that she had had any opportunity of warning him. Why did they want him to meet Loveday? He went back farther for the answer.

If Hacker was planning to sell Minstrel's invention, and planning to make a scapegoat of a convenient Hugo Ross, he would need to be absolutely sure that Hugo had no suspicions. The more Hugo thought of it, the more certain he became on this point.

If Hacker meant to make a scapegoat of him, Hacker would have to take a certain amount of risk. If Hacker meant to sell the plans of Minstrel's invention and make it appear that it was Hugo who had sold them, then he would have to risk allowing the plans to pass through Hugo's hands; there would have to be a moment when they were actually in Hugo's possession, because, unless there was some proof of this, it would be difficult to make a really satisfactory scapegoat of him.

Every time he thought it over, he felt more certain that the moment would come when the plans would actually be in his hands. And it was obvious that Mr. Smith thought so too. Hacker would just have to take the risk; but before he took it he would want to make sure that Hugo had not been warned.

Maggie hadn't spoken. But had Cissy spoken? Had Cissy told Hacker that she had seen Hugo—and had given him her address on the night of Loveday's escape? If Cissy had told Hacker that, he might very well have suspicions, and take steps to confirm or remove those suspicions. It might be Hacker's idea to bring Hugo and Loveday together and see what happened. It might be

Hacker's idea, or it might be just coincidence that made Mme. de Lara invite Hugo to dinner when Loveday Leigh was in her house.

Hugo didn't think it was coincidence. He thought it was no more of a coincidence than the overtures of Mr. Rice, the odd behavior of Mr. Miller, and the disappearance of Mr. Rice's letter.

Well—what about Loveday? It was no use wondering how she had got to Torring House. At Torring House she was, and he felt quite sure that when he walked into the drawing-room tomorrow evening he would find Loveday there, and that their meeting would be a matter of considerable interest to someone else who would be present. He had got as far as this, when he heard voices —a man's voice and a woman's—coming near.

Hugo was in black shadow. He had stepped off the narrow winding path and stood in a deep recess. He heard Mme. de Lara say, " I must go back."

It was Hacker's voice that answered—Hacker's voice, but a different voice to the voice of the everyday Hacker. Its tones were deep and angry.

" Go back, then! "

" How angry you are," said Hélène de Lara. The words came mournfully from her unseen lips.

She stood a bare yard from Hugo. Hacker, beyond her, answered roughly: " Some day you'll push a man too far and he'll swing for you."

She gave a little cry of protest that was half a laugh: " Come, come, my friend—"

He broke in: " Are you going back to him? "

She laughed again.

" You know very well that he went ten minutes ago. Alas! I shall not see him till tomorrow. I've lost my heart to him, you know. He has such innocent eyes, and he blushes so divinely."

FOR once Hugo found himself in one mind with Mr. Hacker; he felt that Mme. de Lara was the sort of person who might very easily get herself murdered. He heard Hacker take a stride forward, heard Hélène say:

" Don't eat me, James! Oh! How rough you are! No, I will not kiss you if you are rough. Put me down! "

Hugo had not bargained for this. It was frightfully embarrassing. To his relief the interlude was of the briefest. There was a kiss or two, and then the lady said:

" Come, James—enough! Let me go, and attend! Tomorrow I will send you a formal invitation—one to you and one to him. You will open yours when he is there. And you will say what a pleasant neighbor I am, and any other *politesse* that may occur to you—not too *empressé*, you understand. And you will say what a bear Ambrose is, and what a pity there has been a quarrel, but that, for your part, you mean to accept the olive branch and dine with me. Then you can watch with your own jealous eyes to see how Master Hugo meets my cousin Loveday. For my part, I believe you have found a mare's nest."

" I don't know." The violence had gone from Hacker's voice; it was merely puzzled. He went on quickly, " You haven't said anything to her? "

" Not a word. I have not said his name. She does not even know that I have ever heard of him. It will be a complete surprise."

" It must be, or it's no good. We come in together, and she must be there. I want to see if there's the least recognition. If they only met the once in that dark lane, there won't be any recognition. But if they've contrived to meet since, one of them's bound to show some sign."

" Well—they meet. And then? What next? "

" You introduce him. If he's really innocent, he'll be just mildly struck with the name, and no more. But she'll be taken aback and excited. She'll want a chance of speaking to him, and it's up to you to see that she doesn't get it. If he's really innocent, then he believes that the girl he met in London was Miss Leigh. You see? "

Hélène de Lara laughed her mournful laugh.

" Ah, James," she said, " I think I'd give the world and all to be as innocent. Wouldn't you? "

Mr. Hacker grew impatient.

" Don't talk such nonsense! Who wants to be innocent? The point is—is he a fool, or isn't he? "

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

of course the *name* is important!

They wouldn't call the boy just *Boy*. Nor do wise folks say, "Give me a bottle of catsup"; they ask for Snider's by name. A catsup of individuality, made to a secret recipe and *mulled* as only Snider cooks know how. Say Snider's ... today!

Say Snider's THE MULLED CATSUP

Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-seven

"He's not a fool—he's a boy."

"The same thing."

"You mean it will serve you as well." Her voice was a little scornful.

"Come, Hélène, be rational for once! You always say you can read men—you've certainly had plenty of practice. I want to know, seriously, whether you think it's safe to bank on his being a fool."

Her answer came a thought indignantly:

"Yes—I've had practice. And I tell you, just as seriously as you want, that your Hugo Ross isn't a fool at all. He's a boy. He doesn't suspect people, because he's friendly like a boy, and shy like a boy. And I think you are safe—oh yes, quite safe—to bank on being able to ruin this friendly boy."

Her voice lost its rather tragic note and became light with laughter. "I will tell you something else—something that you haven't asked me. I will tell you that Hugo Ross will make a most adorable lover, and that I think that's a better use for him than to be mixed up in your dirty affairs."

She blew him a kiss and began to run away.

"Good night, James!" she said and was gone.

With a violent word Mr. Hacker flung away in the opposite direction.

Hugo stood where he was and considered the situation. How on earth was he to warn Loveday? And if she wasn't warned, what would happen? The odds were that she would show that she recognized him when he came into the room.

There was a sound of flying footsteps, and Mme. de Lara passed him, running. Her cloak blew against him, and she ran on. He heard her call, "James! James! *James!*" in a panting whisper, and he heard Hacker come striding back. They met, and Hélène said, still panting:

"Why did you go away like that? See how nice and forgiving I am. I'll go up through the wood with you if you ask me nicely."

"I won't ask you at all." Hacker's voice was rough.

"Then I'll come to see you don't get into mischief, and we'll talk about Hugo, for indeed, and really, I've lost a little bit of my heart to him."

Hugo didn't wait to hear any more. He stepped out upon the path and moved silently in the direction of the house. He had no plan, but the feeling that Loveday was there and that she must be warned drove him.

He stopped by the steps and looked up to where he had seen the lighted square of her window. The curtains had been drawn across it, but they did not meet; a vertical shaft of light divided them. She was still awake.

IT was not as dark as it had been; the moon was near to topping the house. To do nothing might be dangerous; but anything that he could do might be more dangerous still. He could see the sitting-room door. Here, too, a line of light showed. He was looking at it, when in a moment it widened, showed the bright room within, and against the bright room—someone who stood there whilst he breathed twice. They were quick breaths, because the someone was Loveday.

She dropped the curtains behind her and came running forward for a dozen steps, then stopped, came on slowly, groped with her foot for the topmost step, and called, "Hélène!"

The sound died away as if it were afraid of the dark.

Hugo said, "Loveday! Loveday!" and she said, "Oh!" in a soft, glad, laughing, surprised way and ran right down the steps into his arms. There was just a rapturous moment of being together again and then they both said "S-sh!" and Loveday laughed her little whispering laugh and put her face against his shoulder so that no one else should hear. At the foot of the steps on either side there was a tall yew pyramid. Hugo pulled Loveday behind the farther one and said "Hush!" again.

"We haven't a minute. I've got something frightfully important to tell you."

Loveday was still quivering with laughter.

"We always seem to be running into each other in the dark! It's so *funny*."

Hugo shook her.

"Don't laugh! You must listen. I'm coming to dinner tomorrow night. It's a put-up job to see whether we recognize each other. I was just wondering how I could warn you."

"Oh! How *exciting!*"

He had his arm round her shoulders. He shook her again.

"Listen! It's frightfully important. It's a put-up job. They want to see how we meet each other."

Loveday rubbed her head against his cheek.

"Well—how *do* we meet each other?"

"Not like this, Loveday—listen! It really is frightfully important. You see, as far as they know, we've only met once—in the lane, when it was dark and we couldn't see each other. That's what you told Cissy—isn't it?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, what Cissy knows Hacker knows, and what Hacker knows Mme. de Lara knows. They know we met in the lane, and they know you wanted to see me again because you wanted to warn me about something. Did you tell Cissy just why you wanted to warn me?"

"NO, I didn't. I told her I'd heard things about Meade House, and that I didn't think you ought to go there. And when I saw she really wanted to find out, I wouldn't tell her. I said you might be blown up in an explosion—but of course she knew it wasn't that. But I wouldn't tell her what it was."

"That's all right. Now, so far as they know, you never did see me or warn me. But they want to be quite, quite sure about it, because it's tremendously important for them to be sure that I haven't been warned, so they've put up this dinner-party business, and they're going to spring us on each other and watch to see whether we give ourselves away."

Loveday wasn't laughing now. She gave a little shiver and said, "Tell me what to do."

"You mustn't recognize me, of course—we mustn't recognize each other—but when I'm introduced to you, you'd know my name, you see. So then you can just be all excited and interested and wanting to get an opportunity of speaking to me. You won't get one, of course—they'll see to that. That's your line, I think. Have you got it? You don't recognize me, but you know my name and you get quite excited about it.

"My line's a bit different. I don't know you, and I don't connect you with the girl in the lane even after I've heard your name, because, you see, I'm supposed to think Cissy is you."

Loveday began to laugh under her breath. Then all at once she stopped and pinched him very hard.

Someone was coming along the shrubbery path—a light footfall and a voice that hummed a light and pleasant air, a shadow in a black cloak. It was Hélène de Lara, and as she passed them by she sang softly:

"New hope may bloom, and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

She ran up the steps and was gone.

Loveday pinched Hugo harder.

"Oh, she's gone in! Hugo, she's gone in! I'm locked out! What on earth am I going to do?"

They peered round the pyramid and saw the curtains part and fall again. There was no shaft of light any more. The door was certainly shut, and Loveday on the wrong side of it. She began to laugh again.

"I'll have to climb up the magnolia. If she goes into my room, I'm done. Oh, Hugo, what fun! Anyhow, there's no hurry now, and we can talk."

"I say—I'm most awfully s-sorry."

"You needn't be—I'll get in somehow. I've always wanted to be a burglar. It'll be most frightfully amusing, but we'll have to let Hélène go to sleep first."

"Loveday—how on earth did you get here? I thought you were at Ledlington. You went there, didn't you?"

"I went there, but I didn't stay there. Emily was in an awful fuss because she was just starting off to go and see a tremendously old uncle who sends for her about six times a year, and if she doesn't come he makes a new will and doesn't leave her anything—and she didn't think it proper to leave me with Andrew."

She gave a gurgle of delight. "Darling, if you could only see Andrew! He's so proper that if you were to cut him up small, there'd be enough properness in every little bit to last seven Mrs. Grundys for ever and ever. So I just *rocked,* and Emily was frightfully huffy and all stuffed up with the sermons she'd been getting ready to preach to me. And right in the middle of all the fuss Hélène blew in and said, would I come to her for the week-end?"

"How do you know her?" said Hugo.

"She's my cousin—and she's Emily's cousin too. My mother was Irish, you know, and Hélène's Irish, too. It's frightfully funny her calling herself Hélène, and de Lara; because of course she was just Ellen O'Brien, and she married a horrid little scallywag called Con Larrigan, and they went abroad and made some money somehow. And she came back de Lara, and she says Con's dead."

"How long is Emily going to be away?" said Hugo quickly.

"Why?"

"Because you oughtn't to be here—I don't like your being here."

"You said that just like James. James doesn't like me being here at all—James disapproves of Hélène very much. I felt quite sorry for him, because I know he'd planned a whole week-end of forgiving me and overlooking my *escapade*—that's what he called it—and it was simply snatched away from him. I think he meant to lecture me on Saturday and forgive me on Sunday and finish up with a nice magnanimous proposal after supper, when Andrew and Emily always go to sleep."

"I hope Hélène doesn't keep black beetles—I do hate them!"

"LOVEDAY, do stop talking nonsense! When does your cousin Emily come home?"

"Well, as a rule she gets wired for one day, and the next day Uncle Richard tells her he's dying every five minutes and wants someone to telephone for his solicitor about three times an hour, and the day after he begins to get bored with Emily, and he says he doesn't think he's going to die this time. So I think she'll be back on Monday."

"I don't like your being here," said Hugo gloomily.

"Fuss!" said Loveday. "I'm frightfully glad I'm here, and you ought to be frightfully glad too, because if I wasn't here you couldn't—but perhaps you don't want to."

Hugo kissed her, but only once.

"I've got to get you into the house," he said.

"I don't want to go in a bit. You *are* like James, you know."

"You've got to go in. We shall have to see if we can open a window."

Loveday followed him meekly. She didn't in the least want to go in; she wanted to stay out in the moonlight and be made love to, but when Hugo said, "You've got to go in," she heaved a resigned sigh and followed him. She had a dreadful suspicion that Hugo would always make her do what he wanted.

They crossed the terrace and tried the sitting-room window very gently. The room was dark and the door bolted. Hugo began to be very seriously disturbed. If they couldn't get in—they *must* get in. They tried other windows, and found them all fastened.

"I shall have to go in with the milk," said Loveday in an almost soundless whisper that yet contrived to be gay. "I *am* glad I came out."

"What made you come?"

"I was looking out of my window, and I saw Hélène run down the steps—at least I thought it was Hélène. And I went to her room, and she wasn't there. And I went down to her little sitting room, and the door was open, so I came out to look for her."

THEY had reached the back premises. A row of windows looked into a paved courtyard. Hugo fished out a pocket knife and, standing in the shadow, managed to move the catch of one of them. He opened the window softly, inch by inch, and found himself looking in upon a scullery sink. Loveday had to climb over it. She dropped lightly down and whisked round with a smothered laugh.

"I hope Hélène doesn't keep black beetles—I do hate them!"

It was not a romantic place for a lovers' parting; but as they leaned together across the sink and kissed, romance was there. Loveday clung to him.

"You haven't said you loved me—not once."

"That's because I do love you. You mustn't stop."

Loveday's clasp relaxed; she began to draw back. And then she was holding him tighter than ever.

"Hugo, I'm sure there are black beetles!"

"Nonsense!"

"I heard one—*rustle*. I'm sure I did."

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't. Hugo, it's so dark—and if I stepped on a black beetle and it squelched—"

Hugo detached her fingers—they were very cold. He heard a little sob in the dark.

"Darling, don't be a goose!"

"I do hate the dark and—and places where there isn't anyone but you feel there might be."

"There won't be."

"There wouldn't be if it was you, but there might be when it's me. It's—it's a long way up to my room in the dark. Couldn't you—couldn't you just come part of the way?"

"No," said Hugo firmly, "I couldn't. You're being s-silly." He gave her a little shake, kissed her again, and pushed her away. "Shut the latch your side, and when you get up to your room open the curtains and look out. I'll wait till I see you."

The window shut between them. He heard her latch it and went cautiously back to the terrace. He waited a minute or two, and then got behind one of the yew pyramids. From there he watched Loveday's window until the curtains moved. She looked out with the light behind her and kissed her hand. Hugo took the path under the trees.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 68

No wire on the telephone receiver.

The hands of the clock are the same length.

Gaslight shades are of different shapes.

Salesman's spectacles have one round and one oval lens.

No figures on the keys of the cash register.

Hammer could not lie on counter in position shown.

The roll of wrapping paper is reversed.

Last word of sign is misspelled.

Could Hugo and Loveday carry out their deception, at Mme. de Lara's perilous dinner, without being found out? You'll learn in next week's installment of this story.

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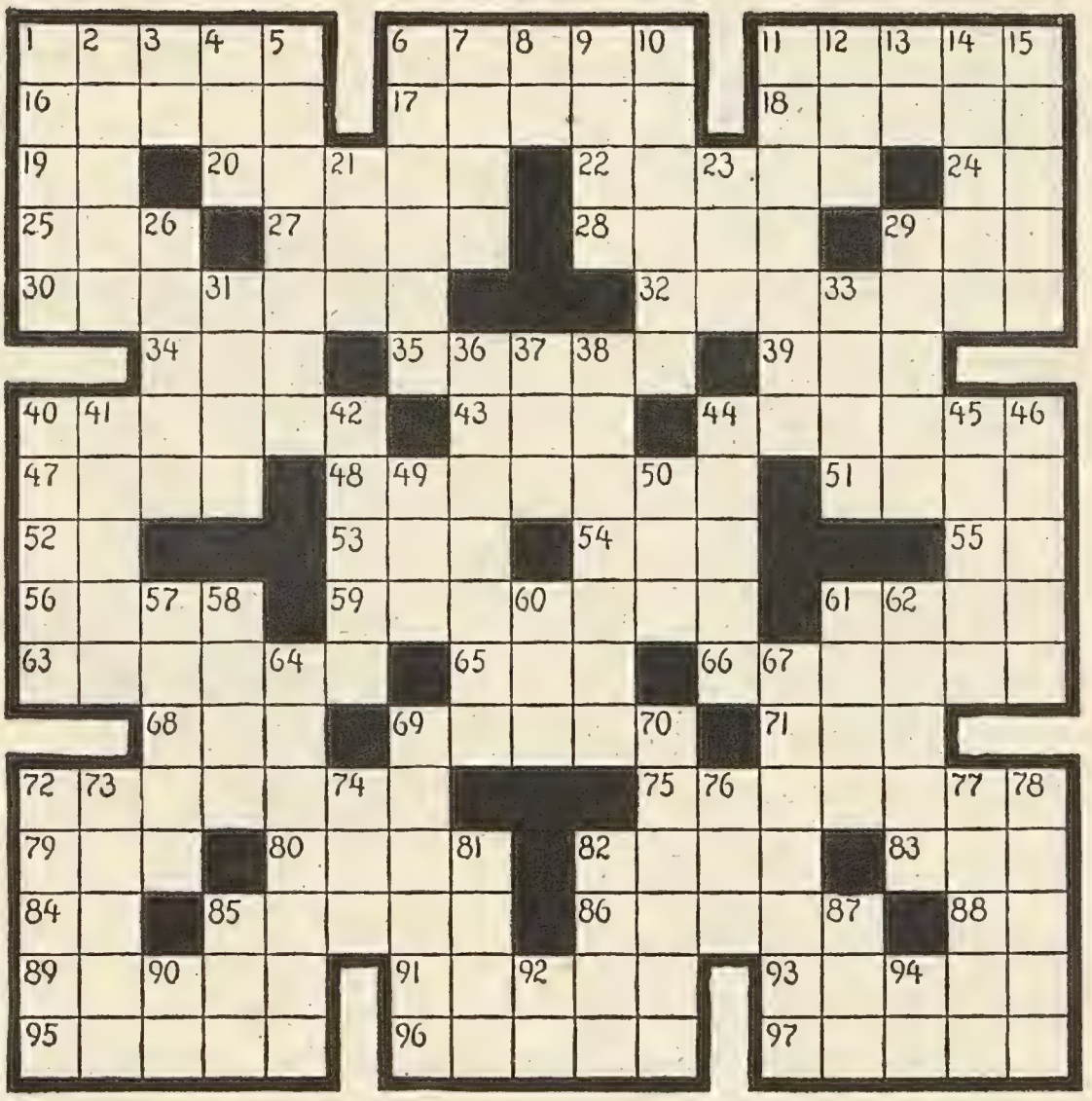
Two New Puzzles

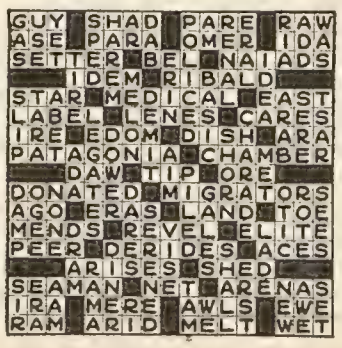


HORIZONTAL

1 Lie dormant
6 Slant
11 Edible seeds
16 Lift with effort
17 Weeds
18 Mistake
19 Every one (abbr.)
20 Attempt
22 Species of poplar
24 Chaldean city
25 Woman's name
27 Rocky pinnacles
28 Den
29 Character in Peer Gynt
30 An isomeric oily hydrocarbon
32 Strongly desired
34 Attention
35 Strikes
39 Artificial passage
40 Thinly scattered
43 Ventilate
44 Eyries
47 A container
48 Hose supporters
51 Edom
52 One indefinitely
53 Light two-wheeled vehicle
54 Lick up
55 Note of the scale
56 Prevalent
59 Raise
61 Incite
63 Tallied
65 Perched
66 Negligent
68 Succeed
69 A flower
71 Mortals
72 A kind of grape (plural)
75 Altered
79 Printer's measures
80 Tears
82 Black
83 Artful
84 Note of the scale
85 Round-up
86 Dwelling
88 Pronoun
89 Sprites
91 Surly, ill-bred fellow
93 Penetrate
95 Peruses
96 Metric ton
97 Darlings; sweethearts

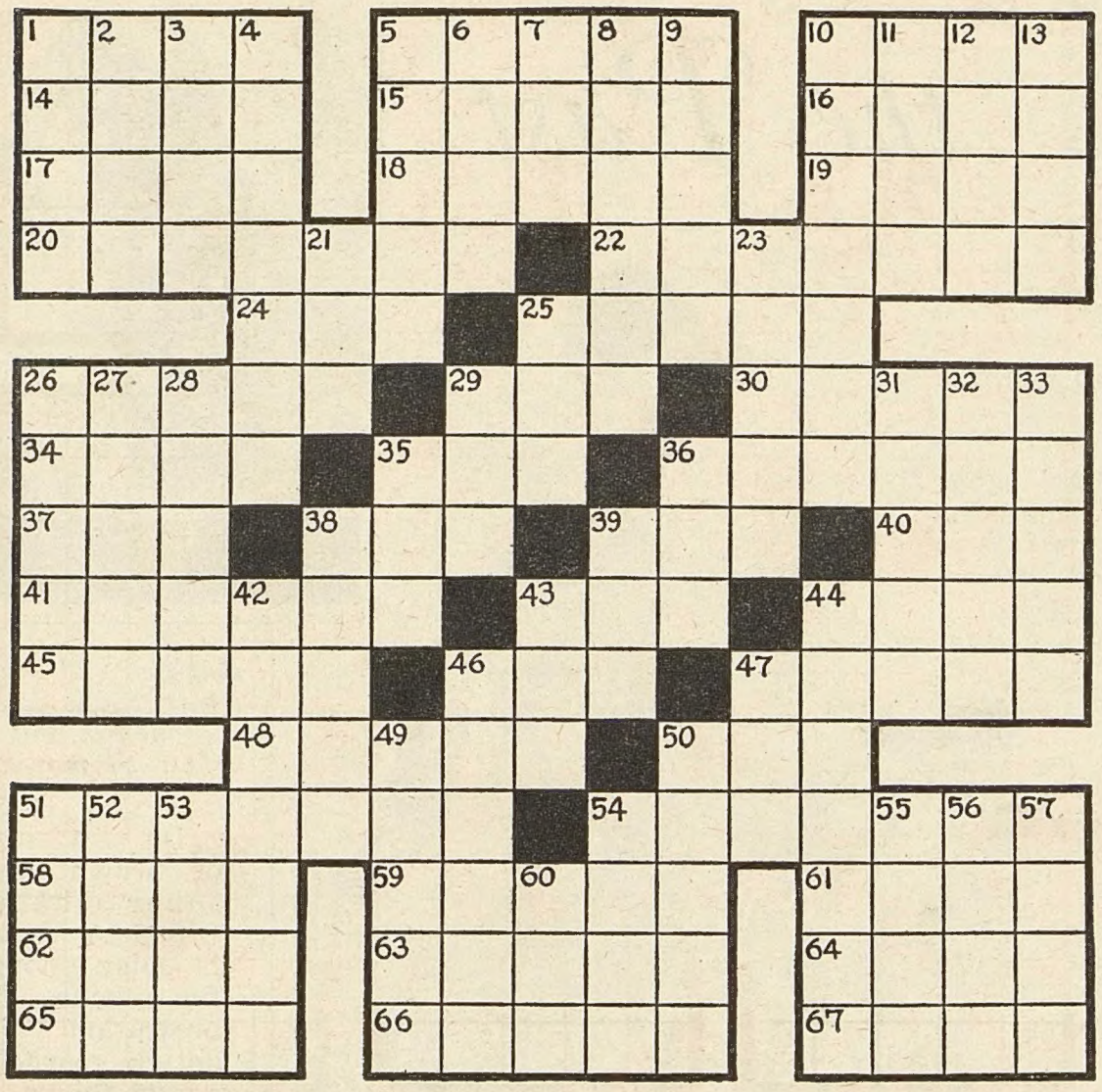
VERTICAL

1 Broad piece of paper
2 Permission
3 Babylonian god of the watery element
4 Woman's name
5 Annoys
6 Gazes fixedly
7 Ballads
8 Either
9 Ring
10 Form of literary composition (plural)
11 The nobility
12 Bird of prey
13 Measure of area
14 To steep in pickle
15 Strayed
21 Descendant
23 Pastry
26 Districts
29 Opponents of an idea
31 Peel
33 Unusual
36 Liberal gift
37 Island
38 Church dignitary
40 Disfigures
41 Sudden, overpowering fright
42 Urged
44 Former Turkish coin
45 Comforts
46 Legal actions
49 Suffer illness
50 Gnawing animal
57 Domestic cocks or hens
58 Silkworm
60 Container
61 Word of ratification
62 Bandages
64 Monopolize
67 Rectified
69 Appearance
70 Mob
72 Metric measure
73 Old-womanish
74 Succor
76 The low of a cow
77 Masculine proper name
78 Colorers
81 A district in London
82 Merit, as by labor
85 A color
87 Compass point
90 One of the United States (abbr.)
92 Prefix: not
94 Symbol for an element



Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 To fight or strike with the feet, as cocks do
5 A river in Switzerland
10 A shaded walk
14 Stem of a bamboolike grass
15 Purifies or refines, as metals
16 Melody for a single voice
17 Coins of an Asiatic kingdom
18 Relieves of strain
19 To wither
20 A general statement that may be proved
22 Arrant coward
24 Hastened
25 One of the Philippine Islands
26 A meat pie
29 A deity
30 Discourse elaborately
34 Genus of sheep
35 A fish
36 Receivers of money
37 A support
38 Goddess of healing (Teutonic mythology)
39 Egyptian deity
40 A fuel
41 Chronicles
43 Hollow out
44 An eminence
45 Grating tools
46 A container
47 City in Germany
48 Native of a city of Italy
50 Surface capping of a body of ore
51 Heels over
54 Equilibrium
58 Kiln
59 A device for lubricating
61 Rend
62 Became lost or extinct
63 To form a single whole
64 Silkworms of an East Indian province
65 Subjoins
66 Hill people of Hindustan
67 Eat

VERTICAL

1 Begone!
2 A way or road
3 Prefix denoting priority
4 Has recourse
5 A vessel of clay or stone
6 A child of Shem (Genesis x.)
7 Arboreal animal (plural)
8 Required
9 Form of literary composition
10 Dominion; supremacy
11 Sunken court about a building
12 Willful misrepresenter of facts
13 To enrich with pork or bacon
21 Radiate
23 Animal of the weasel kind
25 Toss heavily or slowly
26 Pertaining to the arctic regions
27 A genus of grasses
28 Ratifies by hand or seal
29 A fish of the pike kind
31 Shield or protection
32 Annoy
33 City in Germany
35 Underworld god (Roman religion)
36 A breed of dog
38 Woman's name
39 Egyptian god of procreation
42 Annexes
43 Northern limit of Palestine (Biblical)
44 Revolved
46 A game at cards
47 Intimate associate
49 Nozzle of a hose
50 Rodents
51 Measures added to a musical composition
52 Greedy
53 Cover with thatch
54 Letter of the Greek alphabet
55 Biblical name (Luke iii.)
56 A son of Adam
57 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
60 Cover

D	A	I	S		L	U	G	S		B	E	A	R	D
I	N	D	I	T	E	S		A	P	A	R	T		E
S	A	I	L	O	R		A	L	I	N	E		C	T
	P	O	L	O		T	R	I	C	K		D	O	R
L	E	T	S		C	H	I	N	E		C	O	L	A
E	S	S		P	H	A	S	E		C	O	L	I	C
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S	T	R	I	D	E		F	I	V	E	S		F	A
T	W	I	C	E		C	A	R	I	B		T	R	I
R	I	L	E		G	A	V	E	L		S	E	E	M
E	L	L		Y	A	P	O	N		P	A	L	E	
A	L		D	O	V	E	R		T	E	R	E	D	O
K		P	O	K	E	R		M	A	T	A	D	O	R
S	U	I	T	E		S	K	I	P		H	U	M	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

Sudden change to Complexion Beauty *Amazed her friends*

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MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Out of the Past

By Bettina Bedwell

A Premet baby-blue shantung frock with a black coat.

Antique red and white crêpe and red chiffon, with a hat to match.

Paris.

THIS isn't a ghost story, though it concerns shades of the past. I'm referring to the gentle, sentimental tints of primal colors which give to Paris summer fashions a haunting beauty. Baby blue is back. Blush rose and sunset pink cast their own becoming glow all over the smart landscape. Cinnamon brown, in printed materials with quaint patterns, is present too. So are ivory, antique red, dove gray, and sea green. Old and Roman gold come back after a decade of burial.

Having such colors to work with, the Paris dressmakers just naturally and inevitably produce prettier, softer, and more romantic lines. And the milliners do the same thing. Take a good look at the photographs on this page, and you will see in what form the latest Paris fashions are being put out. These dresses are worthy packages for the most precious edition of Miss 1929. Who can resist her done up like this? It's going to be a hard season for self-styled incorruptible bachelors.

Such a rage for baby blue! You can wear this shade in cotton or shantung early in the morning. You can wear it in prints and georgettes for the afternoon, and you can combine it with black for soberer ensembles. This also applies to the pinks. Some of the greatest dressmakers are putting these two shades together.

Sunset pink tulle and gold kid make this smart evening gown.

Cinnamon brown and ivory georgette from Suzanne Talbot. The hat is yellow.

Our first photograph pictures a practical summer ensemble from Premet, coat and dress being made of shantung. The dress is a very girlish affair in baby blue with round collar and circular skirt. The sleeveless coat is of black shantung, with a tailored collar and a blue tie edged with black. The large supple hat is of black leghorn trimmed with a single flower.

Do you think of brown as a sober shade? Cinnamon brown is spicy enough for anyone. The brown and ivory dotted georgette dress shown in our second photo is an example. Suzanne Talbot gives the diagonal band blouse of this model little cap sleeves, which are a shade more demure and a shade more fashionable than no sleeves at all. Dotted satin forms the scarf collar and the bands on the plaited ruffles of the skirt. Talbot gives us a new line by placing these plaited ruffles diagonally in opposing directions. The hat is of yellow transparent straw.

IN the large picture is shown a sunset pink tulle evening frock from Suzanne Talbot, with a ruffled skirt. The belt and band at the neckline of the blouse are in gold, and the long loose gloves are of gold kid. The bit of lace which the mannequin is holding makes a black and gold cape that has a hood attached. Pink veiled in black! One of the smartest of twin-shade personalities to come out of the past this season. Our last photograph shows an antique red and white dotted dress with a shirred hat of the same material. Suzanne Talbot lifts the waistline to normal on this frock, and trims one side of the surpliced waist with a plaited red chiffon ruffle. The four tiers of the skirt are edged with red chiffon plaiting also.

* * *

Chanel is making gypsy necklaces and bracelets of square cut crystals in many colors.

The newest sweaters for midsummer are made of cotton cord knitted in lacy patterns.

Your hand bag should be of the same material as your smart summer suit.

I discovered a complexion secret in 24 basins of water

And 62 leading skin specialists approved it

THE other day I got a letter inviting me to a "conference." That's nothing frightfully unusual in my life, for I have a job I think every woman would *love* to have. I advise business men about women and their ways!

This letter asked me to come at once. So I bought a becoming new hat and left for Cincinnati.

But what a strange conference I found! Twelve girls were seated around a long table. Each girl had two large hand-basins in front of her. Each was trailing her hands back and forth in the basins, much like a small child out in a row-boat!

The "rain-water" test

"What on earth is this?" I asked the director of proceedings.

"Well, by 11 o'clock I think we're going to answer your latest question."

"You mean about the rain water?"

He nodded. I *was* excited then. You see Camay was the mildest soap *my* complexion had ever found. But I wanted to be sure that it was as gentle to *any* skin as the *softest water alone!*

Pretty soon the clock struck 11. The girls who for a whole hour had had one hand in clear rain water and the other in Camay lather showed us that the "Camay hands" were just as smooth and soft as the ones that had been in the clear rain water!

And *that* was really a whole *month* of washings compressed into one short hour!

Why dermatologists approve Camay

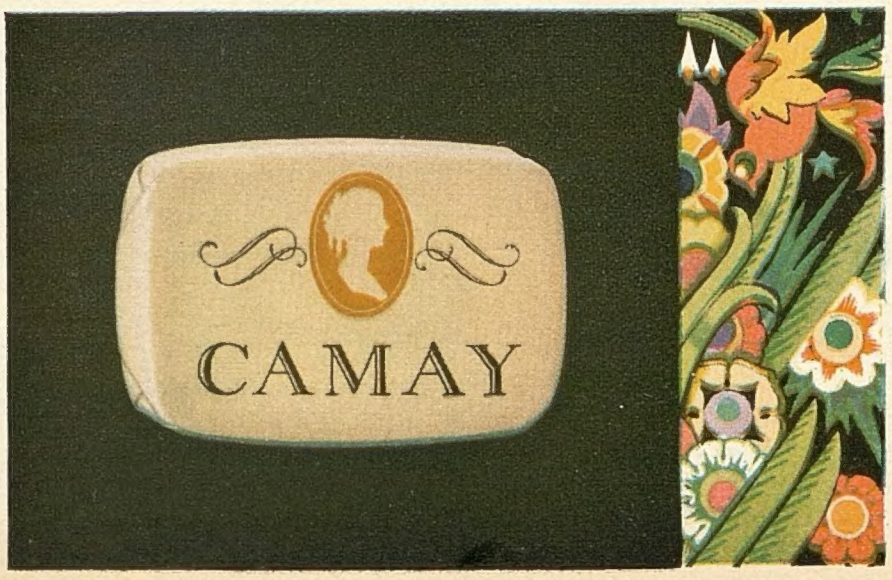
This test really confirms the one I told you about before.

You'll remember that I took Camay to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

This scientist was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a perfumed complexion soap, that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely.

He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

And he sent copies of Camay's chemical analysis to 61 leading dermatologists and asked *them* to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.



All these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and the gentle way it cleanses even the most delicate feminine skins. In a word, Camay has their unanimous approval —something no other complexion soap ever had before.

Isn't it nice to know that about *your* soap?

Helen Chase

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

Free! For you—

Complexion help from famous skin specialists. All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins; are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. And many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-59. 509 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For a slender figure—

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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